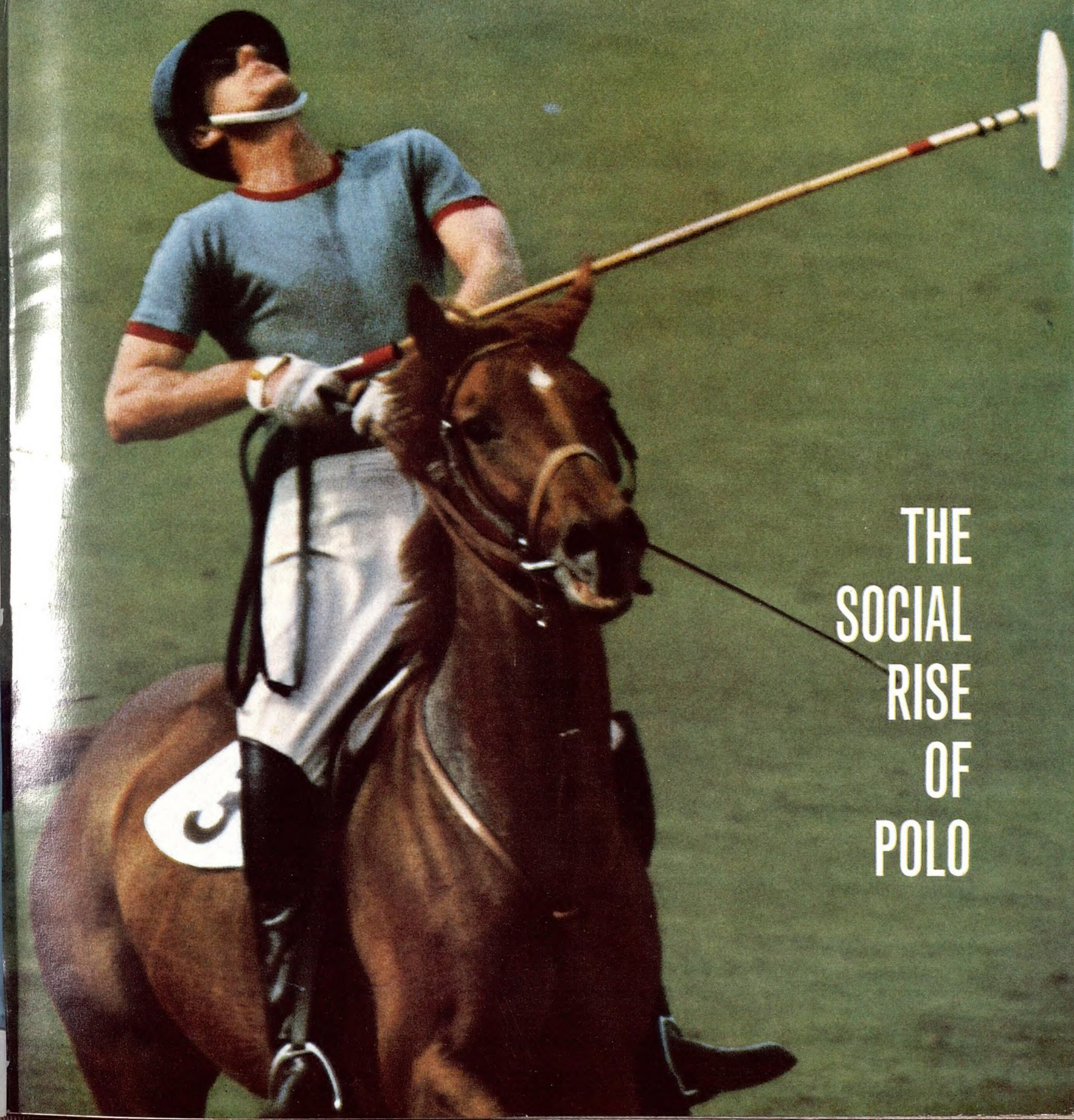




THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 25 July. 1962



THE
SOCIAL
RISE
OF
POLO



Painted by John Aldridge

Shell guide to NORFOLK



Much of Norfolk, country of the North Folk, the northern group of East Angles, is a thin covering deposited by glaciers on top of chalk and flints. Light is continental and crisp. Soils are often dry—for instance, on the Breckland heaths, that most East Anglian district of sand and meres and Scots pines planted as windbreaks, of flowers such as Hound's-tongue (1), Viper's Bugloss (2), Musk Mallow (3) and Stonecrop (4) in golden tufts, and of birds such as the Wheatear (5), the Ringed Plover (6) and the Stone Curlew (7). Under the Brecks, at Grime's or Grimmer's Graves, neolithic miners groped for flint nodules (8) with picks of red deer antler (9), making Norfolk one of Britain's first industrial areas. Flint is one of the commonest building materials, surfaced, even squared in "flush work" (10), or used as rough pebbles. Bricks were anciently employed in Norfolk, sometimes with flint and "clunch" (11) (which is hard chalk). Slow rivers slide to the North Sea, great houses abound—such as Holkham (12). Churches with round towers are a speciality. So are turkeys for the Christmas market. So are great men, among them Nelson (1758-1805) (13), born in the rectory at Burnham Thorpe; the artist John Sell Cotman (1782-1842), represented here by a couple of his Norfolk etchings, one showing a round-towered church (14); and Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), Norwich physician and G.P., whose *Urne-Buriall* (15) contains some of the grandest sentences ever written.

"The Shell Country Book" is an encyclopaedia of country things, a companion for every car excursion. Finely produced, nearly 400 pages, 40 colour plates, it's astonishing value for 1 guinea. Published by Phoenix House Ltd.

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

25 JULY, 1962

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A pause in the action for Prince Philip playing back for Windsor Park against the Silver Leys. Probably the best-known polo-player in the world, Prince Philip is also among the game's more skilled performers. His handicap is four and though he has had two recent falls he went on to score in each case. The Queen watches most of his matches and Princess Anne often acts as her father's groom. Polo commentator Harold Sebag-Montefiore writes about the galloping game on page 183 with photographs by Jack Esten, who also took the cover picture

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal International Horse Show, White City, to 28 July.

Game Fair, Longleat, Wilts, 27, 28 July.

"Daily Express" Off-Shore Power Boat Race, Poole, 27 July.

King's Week, Great Hall, King's School, Canterbury, to 29 July.

Graduation Ball, R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincs. (Details: Flt. Cadet D. Green, Senior Mess, Sleaford 441-2), 31 July.

Goodwood Races, 31 July-3 August.

Norfolk Red Cross Ball, West-acre High House, near Swaffham, 3 August.

Summer Ball, Bryanston School, Dorset, in aid of Dorset Historic Churches Trust, 3 August.

Cowes Week, 3-11 August.

Dublin Horse Show, 7-11 August.

Minden Ball, in aid of K.O.S.B. regimental charities, Paxton House, Berwick-upon-Tweed, 10 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Catterick Bridge, today; Kempton Park, 25, 26; Hurst

Park, 27, 28; Warwick, Carlisle, Ripon, Newmarket, 28; Windsor 30; Birmingham, 30, 31; Redcar, 31 July, 1 August.

POLO

Goodwood Week Tournament, Cowdray Park, 28 July-6 August.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. Pakistan, Nottingham, 26-31 July.

Lord's Taverners v. Twickenham, at Twickenham, 2 p.m., 29 July.

MUSICAL

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly, except Sundays. (KEN 8212.)

London's Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m. nightly, matinées Saturdays & Bank Holiday, 5 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Victoria & Albert Museum Concert, by Philomusica of London, 7.30 p.m., 29 July.

Country House Concert, Dyrham Park, near Bath. Peter Pears (tenor) and Julian Bream (lute & guitar), 7.30 p.m., 29 July. (PRI 7142.)

Holland Park Symphony Concert, London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Charles Mackerras, 7.30 p.m., 29 July.

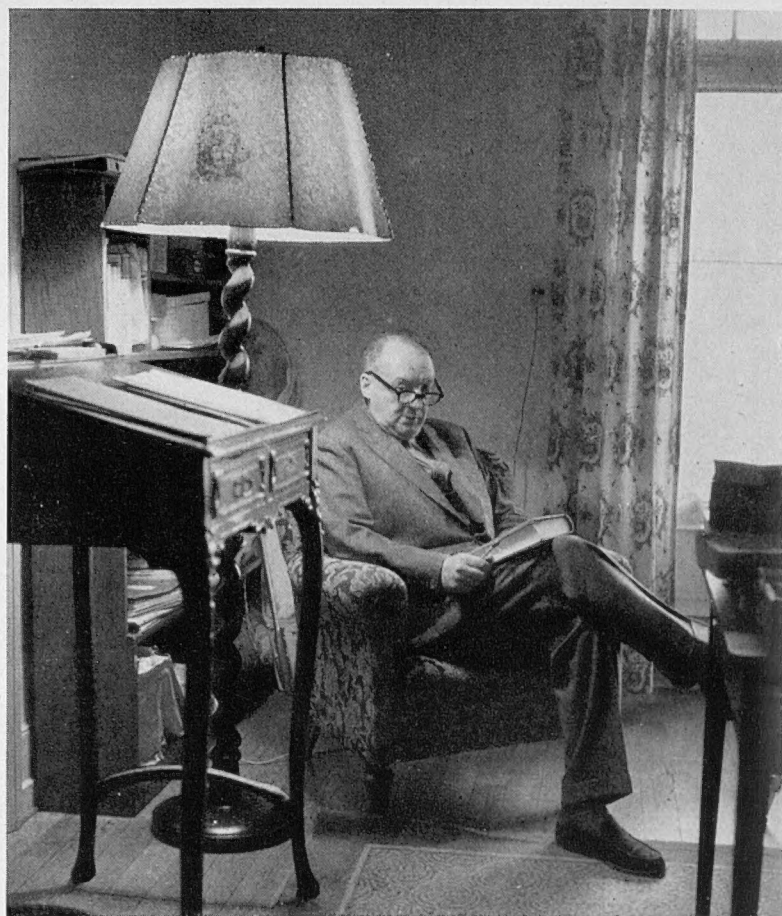
ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August.

2000 Years of Egyptian Art, Royal Academy, to 12 August.

Arthur Boyd, Whitechapel Art Gallery, to 29 July.

Alexander Calder, Tate Gallery, to 12 August. (See Galleries, page 202.)



● Vladimir Nabokov holds a copy of a mystery novel. It is his own latest work. The title is *Pale Fire* and the mystery is that nobody beyond his publisher, Walter Minton of New York, knows what it is about. Mystery at this stage is an asset since any new book from Nabokov that isn't another *Lolita* needs a special ingredient to guarantee sales

Hogarth to Hoffnung, Royal Exchange, to 28 July.

Society of Graphic Artists, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, to 30 July.

Michael Harvey paintings & drawings; **Anton & Stephanie Kalan**, porcelain & pottery, Cooling Galleries, New Bond St., to 28 July.

Drawings From the Bruce Ingram Collection, Victoria & Albert Museum. (See Galleries page 202.)

OPEN AIR THEATRE

Regent's Park, Twelfth Night, 7.45 p.m., to 19 August. (HUN 1813); **Son et Lumière**, Winchester Cathedral, to 22 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Duke of York's Theatre. Fit To Print, tonight.

Comedy Theatre. The Promise, 26 July.

Aldwych Theatre. A Penny For A Song, 1 August.

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Bournemouth

Bourne Court, Bourne Avenue (Bournemouth 20888)

Cambridge

at Joshua Taylor (Cambridge 51541)

Cardiff

at James Howell (Cardiff 37121)

Eastbourne

37 Cornfield Road (Eastbourne 7170)

Guildford

179 Upper High Street (Guildford 60333)

Reigate

38 Church Street (Reigate 6633)

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3 Hill Street (Richmond 5488)

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Raymored soaps



SMOOTH ON NUDIT...

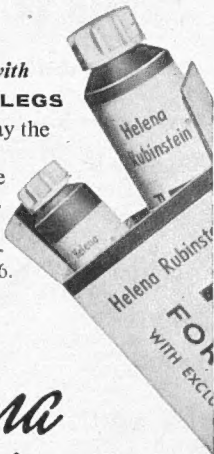
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Points of
constant return

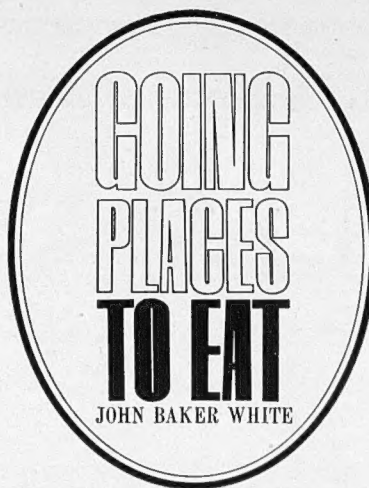
C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Garners, 27 Wardour Street (Leicester Square end). (GER 1287.) C.S. I was not surprised when Mr. Margolis told me that a high proportion of his customers are well known to him and his staff, for it is the friendly, comfortable sort of restaurant to which one returns naturally. It specializes in sea-food, but there are meat and poultry as well, and its corn-on-the-cob is well-known. The atmosphere is as pleasant as the food; those discerning diners out, the Edwardians, would have approved of it. If you are really sharp set, have the sea-food platter. You can get one of the best fruit salads in London, too. W.B.

Jardin des Gourmets, 5 Greek Street. (GER 1816.) C.S. In an all-London competition for the best terrine I would back this long-established restaurant of international repute to be in the first four. I would also put my money on its *Coquille St. Jacques* and chicken "*sous la cloche*." It is, in fact, the place for gourmets who like first-class French cooking, and there are some interesting wines to marry to it. You can go away content for a little over a sovereign a head, without wine. W.B.

Wolfe's, 11 Abingdon Road, Kensington High Street end. (WES 6868.) C.S. Mr. David Wolfe sees no reason why the



French should have a monopoly of creative cooking, and puts his argument into practice. *Epinards Royale*, which I enjoyed greatly, *Fondue Mexicaine*, and *Bouchées de Bourgogne* are among the restaurant's creations and, like a good French cook, Mr. Wolfe uses the highest quality basic products. His list includes a number of unusual wines, chosen with thought and skill. The long, thin room has a pleasant atmosphere, fitting in well with what Mr. Wolfe himself calls the short, fat proprietor. W.B.

Wine note

Maison Louis Jadot have this to say of the red Burgundies: "They are developing extremely well. The lighter wines of the Côte de Beaune have a beautifully delicate bouquet and a very attractive palate. Those from the Côte de Nuits, being heavier, have not such a pronounced 'nose' as yet, which is to be expected. The Beaujo-

lais have a wonderful bouquet and are full bodied. So much for the red wines, but what about the white? They, too, are superb in each district including Chablis. The great disappointment is that the quantity of good wine made was small. The 1960 white wines are now well developed and are most attractive. If only we could say the same about the red wines of this vintage! The 1959s are fully living up to the praise they received at the beginning. They are full bodied, delicate and maturing well. In general, we do not think that the 1961s will be quite so good, with the exception of the Beaujolais, which in our opinion is better than in 1959."

... and a reminder

The Carving Room, Strand Corner House. Carve for yourself and as much as you like. For the full meal the charge is 14s.; surroundings are modern and bright.

L'Hirondelle, Swallow Street, Piccadilly. (REG 7482.) That comparatively rare thing, a night restaurant with dancing and cabaret, that has, as a whole, first-class cooking.

Il Pappagallo Trattoria, 84 Old Brompton Road. (KEN 2401.) As the name implies it is Italian, new, inexpensive and friendly.

Daquise Restaurant, 20 Thurloe Street. (KEN 6117.) First-class cooking at moderate prices and friendly service.

Châteaubriand, May Fair Hotel. (MAY 7777.) Joseph Della is now in charge. High quality meat is but one of the many specialities.

CABARET CALENDAR

Quaglino's (WHI 6767). *Hutch*, singing at the piano, has extended his season for a further two weeks

Establishment (GER 8111). Topical satire nightly with Jeremy Geidt, John Bird and John Fortune

Pigalle (REG 7746). The Winifred Atwell Spectacular ends on Saturday. On Monday a new production, *The Roaring Twenties*, starring Jill Day

Society (REG 0565). Lita Roza **Candlelight Room**, May Fair Hotel (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet play for dancing and cabaret. Plus vocalist Susan Maughan and the South African National Dance Company

Savoy (TEM 4343). Frederica, singer from Paris, tops a bill that includes Peter Pit, the magician, and the Savoy Dancers **Talk of the Town** (REG 5051). Lisa Kirk's season ends on Saturday. Frankie Vaughan opens on Monday



Kathy Kirby sings for a season at The Room at the Top, Ilford

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Baden-Baden

SPAS ARE NOT ONE OF MY USUAL addictions. I find the *passé grandeur*, the faded gentility, the mood of hypochondria that pervades most of them depressing. But Baden-Baden, tucked into the foothills of the Black Forest, is rather an exception. It is a pretty little hothouse of a town, full of pretty shops, pretty girls and pretty music played in the open air underneath the verdant shade of horse-chestnut trees.

As a fashionable spa, it dates from the time of Napoleon III: or rather, from the time when Napoleon closed all the casinos of France and another Frenchman, Benazet, transplanted much of high-living society to Baden-Baden, source of some of the hottest sodium chloride springs in Europe. He landscaped the city centre and built, in the manner of Louis XVI, the Casino, the Kurhaus and the theatre. Thus it is all of a piece, architecturally, and enough money accrues from the gold-chip, chandeliered Casino to maintain its well-groomed elegance with plenty of fresh paint. Its gardens are planted with trees that would take a botanist to catalogue. Many of them were given by grateful Czars and other visiting royalty—who might, come to think of it, almost merit a catalogue of their own. Even now it is still patronized by people who, as a friend of mine once immortally remarked, "travel with proper luggage"; the people for whom, in fact, it was originally intended, and for whom the golf, the Casino and the races, all of which reach their social peak in August and September, are as big a draw as the Cure.

And yet, sipping a glass of hock in the Kurgarten one morning, I reflected that this is also the kind of place from which people write the sort of faintly languishing, highly literate letters that get preserved and published: the atmosphere is conducive. Turgenev and Dostoevsky, Mark Twain, Clara Schumann and Brahms all maintained temporary residence. So, too, did Queen Victoria (of whom there is a bust in the gardens), and Edward VII was a frequent visitor. Much sentiment revolves around the royal connections with Great Britain (Prince Philip's sister is married to the present Margrave of Baden). Exploring the Margrave Museum in the New Castle, one gets a graphic picture of an essentially Anglo-Saxon taste: something is epitomized that belongs reso-



lutely to a solid Northern set of values. A silver rose in a glass case all by itself commemorates somebody's 20 years of endured and enduring marriage, not its romantic proposal. To pursue the obvious train of thought, there are also some examples of true Baron Ochs-type furniture: heavy, bucolic and over-decorated. But most telling of all was the incident of the curator who, having escorted me through a collector's eye-full of glass and Meissen, led me to what was obviously a special prize. He unlocked a dusty cupboard in an ill-lit passage and produced, in triumph, an immense pile of bound volumes of *The Illustrated London News*, 1895-1900. To him, this nugget of nostalgia clearly ranked alongside the Cranach Madonna and Winterhalter's portrait of Sophie Von Baden.

Baden-Baden's technical *raison d'être*, its baths, are lovely to look at and beautifully organized, but it is worth remembering that they close from noon on Saturday until Monday morning. In some of the hotels, for example the Badischer Hof, the thermal waters are on tap, as also at a charming, old-fashioned small hotel, the Hirsch. The Brenner's Park is the most expensive at around £4 a day, and also the Established best. It is luxurious and well run in the best German tradition—which is quite a tradition.

One can sip the hot spring waters, which taste rather like a weak solution of Eno's, in the Kurhaus, or sit outside it and drink the more palatable fresh grape juice. And you can eat well enough to work up quite a case for the Cure, though in fact the speciality of the waters is rheumatics, not liver. I liked the Stahlbad restaurant, where the menu is presented in colour prints, and where I enjoyed a rich and delicious dish of asparagus with Hollandaise sauce and pancakes. Another house speci-



A flower-balconied hotel in the Innenstadt, Baden-Baden.
Below: morning coffee and fruit juice at the Kurhaus



ality, named after Lady Curzon, is turtle soup topped with a mixture of whipped cream and curry. In prevention of a real *crise de foie*, almost any German meal is better preceded by a glass of schnapps, and this restaurant has a particularly good one made from pears, called *birnen-schnapps*.

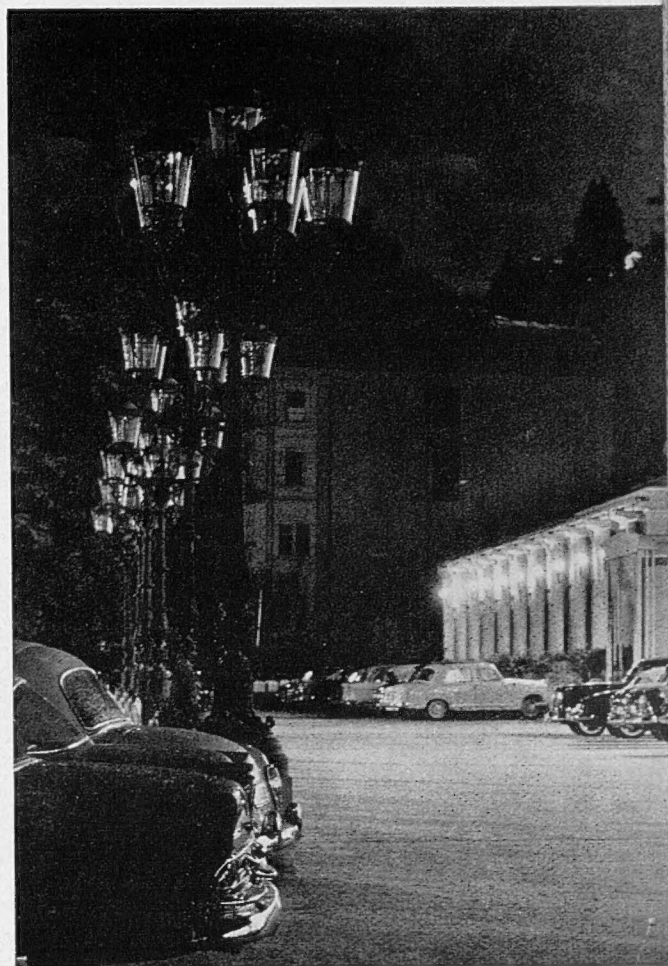
One is quickly out of Baden-Baden and up into the cooler, resin-scented air of the Black Forest, of which I hope to write in more detail later. In the meantime, another good restaurant, 30 minutes' drive from the city, is Burg-Windeck Betreibe, high overlooking the pretty village of Bühl. On a good day, you can see as far

west from it as the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral, across the flat reaches of the Rhine.

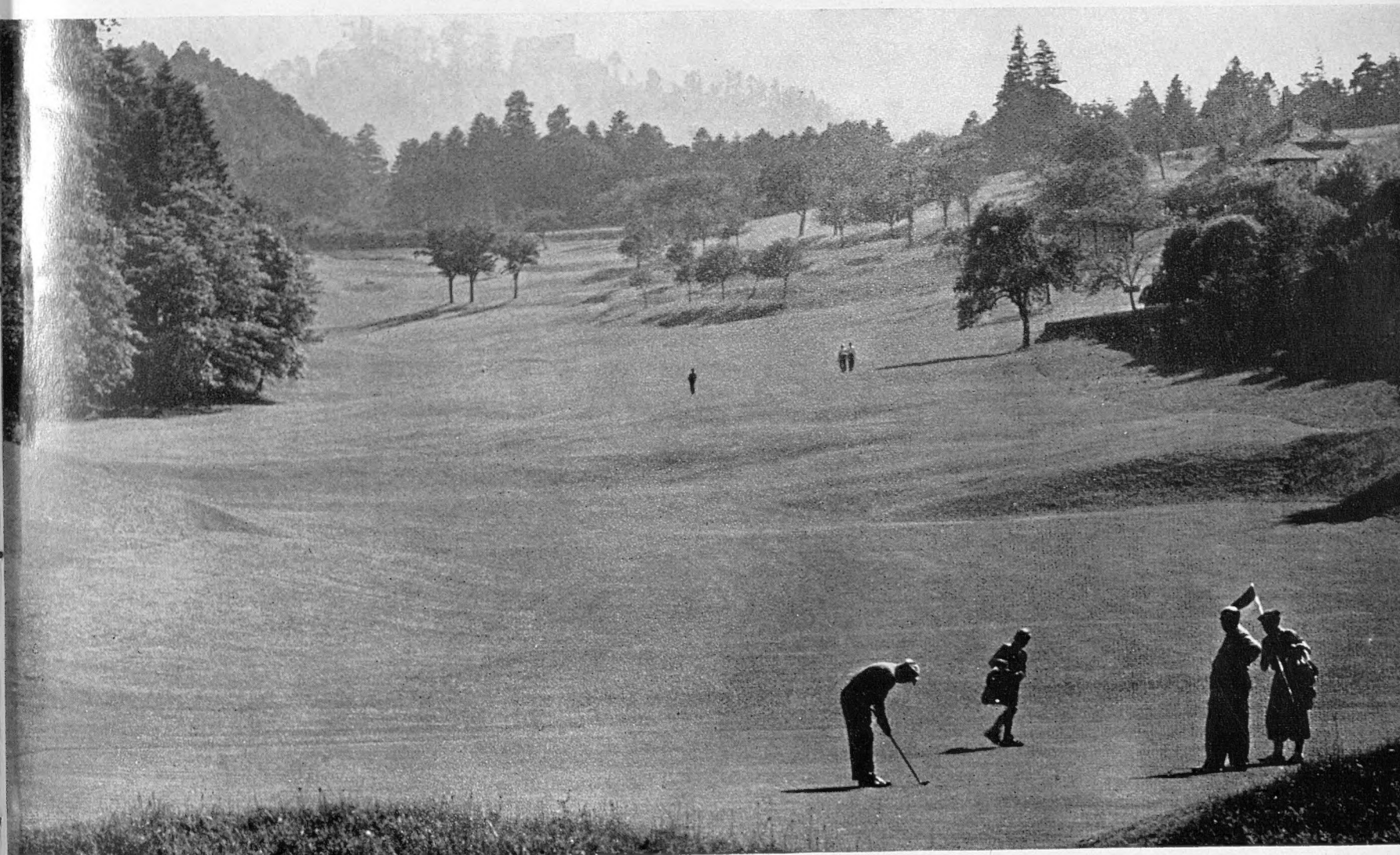
How to get there: Lufthansa have two Boeing flights a day to Frankfurt, one arriving at 12.25 p.m., and the other at 7.50 p.m., after a journey of only just over an hour. The return fare is £30 15s., Tourist Class. From Frankfurt, you can fly on to the nearer airport of Stuttgart, or get a train direct to Baden-Baden, or pick up a car at Frankfurt and motor down via Heidelberg. Hertz have an office at Frankfurt, and charge £9 10s. a week for hire of a Volkswagen. The bill can be charged to you in the U.K., if you have their Credit Cards.



Roulette in the Casino at Baden-Baden



Night scene outside the Kurhaus



Golf in the Black Forest foothills



GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

Ladi Kwali is the most distinguished of Nigerian potters. Her work—in which Bronze Age techniques are used to make utensils essential for daily use—has high artistic value in this country; examples have been bought by the Victoria & Albert Museum and by private collectors. Awarded an M.B.E. in the Birthday Honours, Ladi Kwali is paying her first visit to England, organised by the North Nigerian Government and the British Council, where she has been giving demonstrations at the Craftsman Potters Association, in schools and at the Royal College of Art, where Jane Bown took these pictures



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THE TATLER
25 JULY 1962

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS



Backed by a larger-than-lifesize portrait of himself, the President of Liberia, Mr. Shadrack Tubman, speaks at the Anglo-Liberian Society dinner-dance held in his honour at the Savoy on the conclusion of his State Visit to London. At the close of the dinner the President and Mrs. Tubman led the grand parade around the ball-room to start the evening's dancing. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill and Muriel Bowen's column overleaf



Mr. William Dennis and Miss Wilhelmina Tubman, the daughter of President Tubman, with Sir Frederick Hoare. Right: The British Ambassador to Liberia, Mr. H. A. N. Brown, and Mrs. Brown at the Savoy reception



LIBERIA IN LONDON

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Mrs. B. Oxtoby and Miss Nessie Gorgla, whose mother is the Liberian Commercial Attaché



Mr. Ahamadu Zwannah, member of the Liberian House of Representatives, with Mr. & Mrs. John Profumo. Left: Lady Moorea & Mr. Woodrow Wyatt with Mr. S. Jarrett, the Liberian Consul in London

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

Last week **President Tubman** of Liberia became the first head of an African republic to stay at Buckingham Palace. As he drove through the streets, followed in another carriage by his impeccably dressed wife, many must have wondered about the reason for his invitation. But plainly there are good political reasons for showing our confidence in a little state that is one of the few stabilizing influences in a turbulent Africa. The President for his part enjoyed every moment.

Though he's a republican, President Tubman dearly loves our pomp and the pageantry. In the only impromptu speech ever made at Guildhall by a Head of State, he said: "I like your horsedrawn carriages. They are even more efficient than modern motor cars—what is it you call them?" Somebody in the audience (not Lord Hives) suggested: "Rolls-Royce." The President, quick off the mark, said: "Yes, yes. Rolls-Royce." There was a tremendous roar of laughter from the City men.

The President had travelled to Guildhall in a horsedrawn landau. He had also been in one the day before when, on the drive from Victoria to Buckingham Palace, the rain from the Queen's umbrella kept bouncing off his top hat. His remarks, though, weren't confined to things like horses and carriages. He also talked to bankers and diamond magnates in search of trade and all the people who met the President and his wife were agreed that they were quite a pair to keep up with.

At the glittering dinner party given by the Queen and Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace the African ladies followed European custom by piling their hair high and wearing tiaras. For **Viscount Kilmuir**, there with **Viscountess Kilmuir**, it was his last state dinner as Lord Chancellor. The slim and pretty Mrs. **Duncan Sandys** was attending a state dinner at the Palace for the first time. Others invited included the Lord Chief Justice, **Lord Parker of Waddington**, & **Lady Parker**, Marshal of the R.A.F. **Sir Thomas Pike** & **Lady Pike**, Mr. **John Tilney**, M.P., & Mrs. **Tilney**. The parties the Tilneys give at their home in Victoria Square so that prominent Africans can meet prominent English people, informally, are famous throughout Africa. Also at the Palace that night were Mr. **H. N. Brown**, British Ambassador to Liberia, & Mrs. **Brown**, **Sir Solly** & **Lady Joan Zuckerman**, and the Lord Mayor of London, **Sir Frederick Hoare**, & **Lady Hoare**. Sir Frederick delighted President Tubman by bringing news from the Zoo of the animals which he sent to the Queen for Prince Andrew a few months ago.

The President chose the Savoy for the banquet he gave for the Queen and Prince Philip the following night, and



The Duchess of Kent and the Earl of St. Andrews. One of the first pictures of the Duchess with her son who was born on June 26th. Before he is six months old, the Earl will be in Hong Kong, where his father is to be second in command of a squadron of the Royal Scots Greys

this was followed by a reception for several hundred people in the Abraham Lincoln Room. Nearly all the members of the Royal family were present, but most eyes were on **Princess Margaret**. Her upswept hairdo was distinctly auburn, and with it went the handsome tiara she also wore on her wedding day. People at the dinner, or the reception afterwards, included Mr. & Mrs. **John Bowering**, **Air Marshal Sir John & Lady Baker-Carr**, **Earl & Countess Cairns**, Mr. **Humphry Berkeley**, M.P., who discovered that two previous Presidents of Liberia had been named Berkeley, Mr. & Mrs. **Lionel Denny**, and Mr. **George Brewer**, the Liberian Ambassador, & Mrs. **Brewer** who wore a brocade dress. She designs many of her own clothes and has been a professional dress designer.

HIGH LIFE & QUADRILLE

Next day the President & Mrs. Tubman went to the Anglo-Liberian Society's ball at the Savoy where he led off the dancing with the Grand March. Later

in the evening there was the West African national dance, High Life, and the Quadrille done with all the studied graciousness of New Orleans. "They like formal dancing in Monrovia so much that diplomats sent there always learn the local dances," said Mrs. Brown, wife of our Ambassador there. "At any dance that goes on very late the President himself is usually the last one to tire. He can dance all night, loves it."

It was the most genial of state visits with the most relaxed of parties. "The President loves it here, his heroes are all British," Mr. Brown told me. "He once told me that the only scar on his body was a result of playing cricket!" Last year he told the Americans that Liberia was backward because it didn't have the benefits of British Colonialism. And if that wasn't ample proof of British hero-worship he—as well as about 200 other Liberian families—have sent their sons to school here. Perhaps our influence in the world hasn't slipped that much after all.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176



Miss Melanie Lowson talks to bandleader Ian Stewart. Below: Mr. Edmund Loder, Miss Sarah Mayhew and one of the exotic garden plants



The richest spoils of Leonardslee's famous gardens decorated the house when Sir Giles Loder, Bt., and Lady Loder gave a party for the coming-of-age of their son Mr. Edmund Loder. They are seen below welcoming Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard



PARTY WITH FLOWERS

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Below: Miss Sally O'Rorke and Lord
Montgomerie. Right: Miss Caroline
Godman



Miss Lavinia Lloyd and Mr. Jonathan Taylor



Below: Mr. Christopher Stevens and Miss
Suki Marsham-Townshend



A SHROPSHIRE WEDDING



Sir Kenneth Parkinson and Miss Felicity Lane Fox. Below: Mr. John Wilbraham and the Hon. Fiona Weld-Forester



The Hon. Mary Bridgeman, the daughter of Viscount & Viscountess Bridgeman, was married to Mr. Jeremy Bayliss, the son of Mr. & Mrs. Edmund Bayliss, of Plaish Hall, Shropshire, at St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury

MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

LODERS AT LEONARDSLEE

At 4 a.m. in Sussex the dancing was still going strong at the coming-of-age party given for her son, Mr. **Edmund Loder**, by **Lady Loder** at Leonardslee. (See pictures on page 174.) He is in London studying to be a chartered accountant so the car park improvised at Leonardslee for the evening was full of the smart limousines that are the status symbols of the young City men of today. One of Mr. Loder's own birthday presents was a spanking new Hillman Super Minx.

There was dancing to a conventional band in the drawing-room with a lot of tireless young people keeping things

lively. Among them were Mr. **David Abel Smith**, **Lady Elisabeth Cairns**, Miss **Susan Warren Pearl**, Miss **Diana Currie**, Mr. **Richard Butler**, and **Sir Brian Barttelot, Bt.**, who had his own coming-of-age dance last month. Also there were **Lady Jane Fitzalan-Howard**, youngest of the Duke & Duchess of Norfolk's four daughters, who has her coming-out-dance at Arundel later in the year, **Lady Hermione Grimston**, Mr. **Mark Burrell**, Mr. **Christopher Palmer-Tomkinson**, and Miss **Fiona Bowes-Lyon**.

Leonardslee is famous for its gardens, 80 marvellous acres of rhododendrons and camellias. It has been such a late year that the rhododendrons were still

blooming six weeks after they would normally have finished. Round the house there were flickering night lights in little pots, outlining the garden paths like so many gleaming pearl necklaces. And tucked away in a corner was a well set-up barbecue.

There were some pretty bewitching arrangements of flowers, mostly from the garden and all arranged by Sussex neighbours, Mrs. **Roy Brooks**, Mrs. **Nicolas Haworth-Booth** and Mrs. **Tony Hilderley**. "It just happened because we are always doing each other's flower arranging when we have parties," Lady Loder told me. There was a mushrooming of weekend parties too for the young people who had come to the ball. **Major & Mrs. Derek Wigan**,

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Viscount & Viscountess Boyne



The Hon. Nevill Hill-Trevor & Lady Doyle



Viscount & Viscountess Bridgeman, the bride's parents, and Mr. & Mrs. Edmund Bayliss, the bridegroom's parents



Crocodile of guests waiting to be received at the reception at Leigh Manor, the bride's home



Mr. & Mrs. Charles Rogers-Coltman with their daughters Veronica and Jane who were bridesmaids

Sir Derek & Lady Gilbey, Mr. & Mrs. Roger Hall, Mr. & Mrs. Bill Curling, and Mr. & Mrs. George Pinney were all doing more than their bit to entertain them.

Now that it's over it is back to work for Mr. Loder, and for Lady Loder and her husband there is a nice get-away from all those party lists. They've joined their boat in the South of France.

THE WORLD OF WILLIAMS

Is it because Tennessee Williams' plays are erudite, unpredictable, a little crazy and full of human crisis that people turn up in their droves to see them? Whether these are the reasons or not there was a full house at Wyndham's

for *Period of Adjustment* which had its English première at the Bristol Old Vic in the autumn. Mr. & Mrs. John Russell were there, also Brig. & Mrs. Terence Clarke, the Earl of Bessborough, Miss Elisabeth Sturges-Jones, Miss Sybilla Ford, Mr. & Mrs. John Casson, and Mr. Godfrey Winn.

As always too with Tennessee Williams' plays, there were those who were fascinated from the first line to the last, and those who began quietly to make their exits after the first act. I left just before the last. It wasn't a moment too soon. Outside three policemen were getting ready to remove my car to the "Morley Street Motor Show," the car compound on the other side of the river!

Despite a catastrophic storm which wrecked the show ground the week before, the Royal Show scored a big success at Newcastle. Royal patron on the Wednesday was the Duchess of Gloucester, right, presenting awards



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

SHOW THAT BEAT THE STORM



The Tynedale Hunt team (No. 460) jumping in the hunt teams event: Sir Douglas Blackett, Bt., Miss Brenda Johnson and Mr. G. B. Fairbairn

Major Philip Pease of the Royal Agricultural Society, with Mrs. John Watney, who judged the Ladies' Side Saddle Hunter Class

Miss Anneli Drummond-Hay competed in the Ladies' Side Saddle Hunter Class on Mr. Douglas Nicholson's War Galee

The Duke of Northumberland, who accompanied the Duchess of Gloucester, and Mr. W. A. Benson, the Honorary Director of the show





LEAVE DAY AT

Christ's Hospital

To be fair, Leave Day is only half a day. Saturday morning lessons come first. Then parents are free to meet their boys in the quad and watch the midday parade into Dining Hall. The thought of food predominates thereafter. Some boys get home cooking. Those who live near the school get special dispensation to speed home by cycle as above. Seniors look forward to lunch with adult trimmings at the Black Horse in

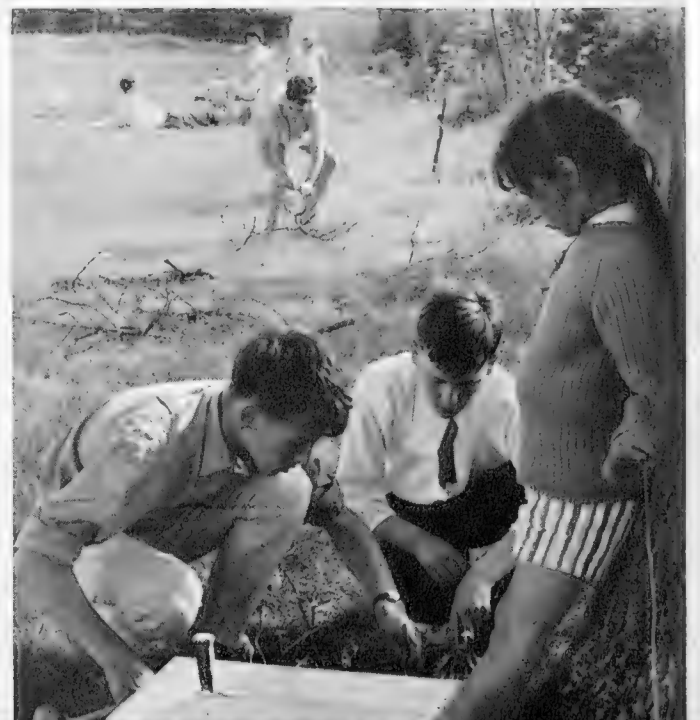
Horsham. Juniors dream of strawberries and cream at a slap-up tea. For a fortunate few picnics are in order and, somewhere between lunch and tea, new pens, papers and books will be bought at the Red Lion bookshop, chocolate cakes as well to replenish diminished tuck boxes. Malcolm Aird, himself an old boy of Christ's Hospital, revisited the school to photograph a once-familiar experience



Man's most useful invention, the wheel, gets considered attention among the ancient bicycles in the museum. Recommended visiting for studious types and on days too wet for picnics



Visiting brothers and sisters are encouraged to view exhibits in the art school exhibition. An attitude of respectful admiration is expected from the small fry and usually obtained. Right: A picnic in the Sussex countryside keeps the boys busy and the parents amused. Christ's Hospital made the move out to Horsham in 1902



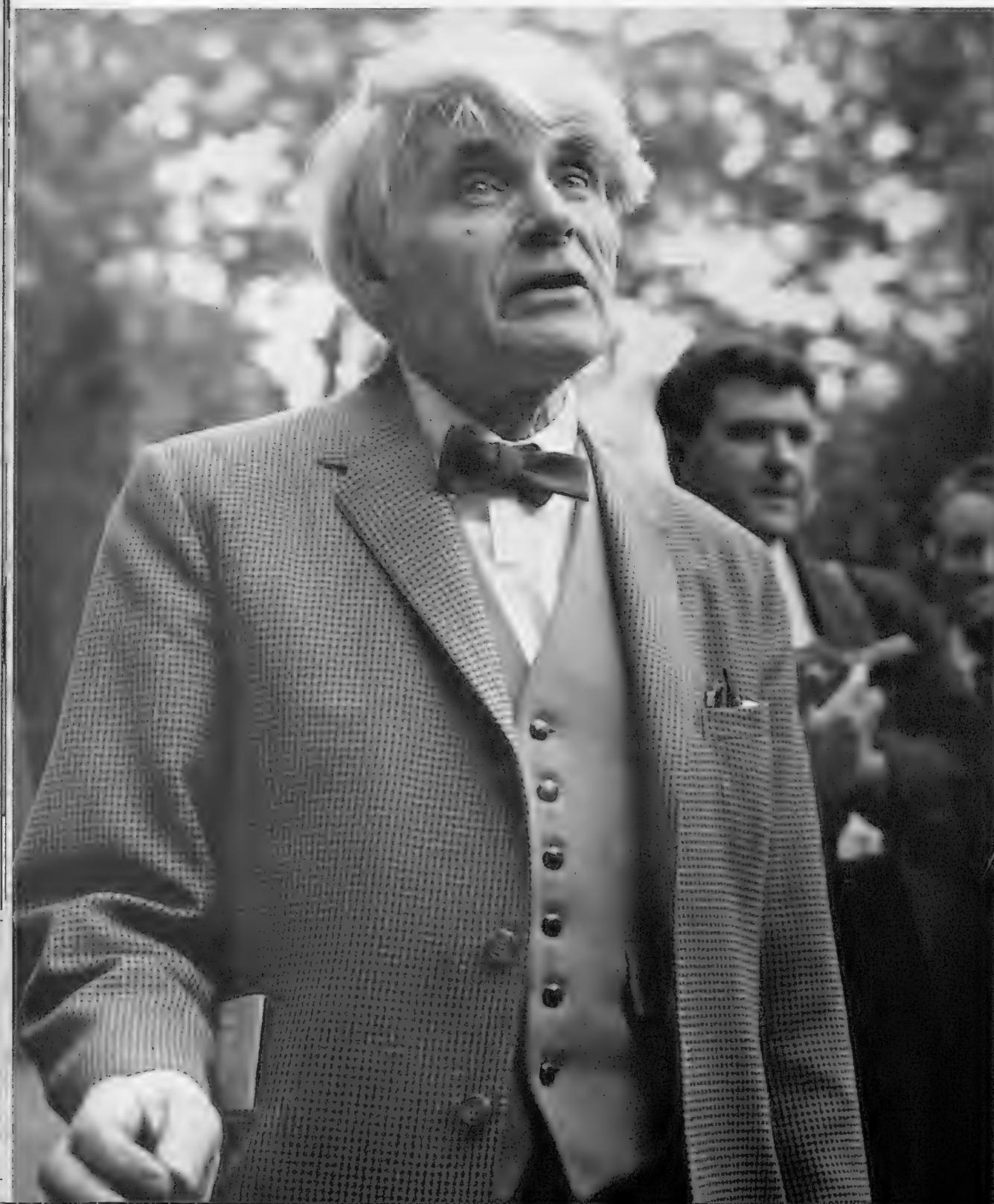


Leave Day begins after this event. The midday parade into the Dining Hall is as traditional at Christ's Hospital as Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace. Below: A Grecian, or senior scholar, gets a grown-up lunch at the Black Horse



Entertainment for juniors—strawberries and ice-cream at Wakefields will be followed with reasonable luck by a plate of refreshing cream cakes

SCULPTURES FOR CHARITY



An exhibition of British sculpture, arranged by the Ashgate Gallery, was held in a garden setting at Farnham to help the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and the Save the Children Fund. Among the artists represented was Leon Underwood (left), the tutor of Henry Moore. Born in 1890, Underwood has published several books on sculpture and is represented in the Tate, the Victoria & Albert and the British Museum as well as private collections. The chef from a nearby hotel (top) and an attendant looked on at the opening ceremony. Moore, Lynn Chadwick, Elisabeth Frink and Barbara Hepworth were among the 23 sculptors exhibiting, and also Georg Ehrlich whose three entries included (top left) a bronze, Refugee Boy

From a tribal chukker
in the Asia of 600 B.C.
to a championship
tournament on Smith's
Lawn, polo commentator
Harold Sebag-Montefiore
chronicles the
steady social rise of

PICTURES BY JACK ESTEN

THE GALLOPING GAME



POLO is probably the oldest game in the world. First recorded match was the one between the Persians and the Turkomans that the poet Firdausi described about 600 B.C. At Ispahan remain the ruins of an ancient polo ground. The stone goal posts are eight yards apart and the ground 300 yards long—the measurements as used today. And the name polo comes from pulu, the willow root from which polo balls were made in Tibet. Slowly the game spread over Asia

to China, Japan and India. In the 19th century the game was being played in the northern mountainous regions of India and the first club was formed in 1859. This was the Silchar Polo Club in Cachar where soldiers and tea planters competed with Manipuris whose families had played for several centuries. The oldest is the Calcutta Polo Club which celebrated its centenary last Christmas. Polo spread rapidly through the army in India, and before long there were

175 clubs operating under Indian Polo Association rules. Height of ponies was first limited to 13·3 hands, then gradually increased to 14·2, but after World War I the measurement qualification was abolished and so ponies of any height can be played.

To a certain extent the Army and the Universities are the nursery of polo. First match played in England was in 1871 on Hounslow Heath between the 9th Lancers

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Blanketed polo ponies put their heads together between chukkers. Centre right: A player buckles on his knee-pad before the match



Sao Silvestre, the umpires and Ambersham ride on to Smith's Lawn for the start of the final for the Queen's Cup

and the 10th Hussars. The *Pink 'un* reported it as being a form of hockey on horseback quite remarkable for its language. The Hurlingham Club was founded in 1874 and remains the rule-making body for the sport. Four years later the Inter-Regimental tournament and the Oxford *v.* Cambridge match were inaugurated. They have continued almost without interruption ever since.

Moving force in modern English polo is Viscount Cowdray, chairman of the Hurlingham Polo Association. He lost his left arm at Dunkirk, but when the Cowdray Park Club was restarted at Midhurst, Lord Cowdray resumed playing, on ponies beautifully schooled by Harold Freeborn. Cowdray Park has 60 playing members, and visiting players

from the Argentine, Brazil, France, India, Mexico, Pakistan and Spain compete for the top event, the Gold Cup, and also for the high goal tournament that takes place after racing during Goodwood week. Prince Philip is President of the Household Brigade Polo Club, who have five grounds on Smith's Lawn in Windsor Great Park. The prince was taught polo by his uncle Earl Mountbatten of Burma, while stationed in Malta. Lord Mountbatten's tuition is expert, his *An Introduction to Polo*, written under the pseudonym Marco, is generally recognized as the textbook for beginners. Today Prince Philip is ranked as one of the top six players in the country. His enthusiasm has stimulated public enthusiasm for the game, though



Dressing for the match, a girl groom holds the tackle

The ponies arrive, and (below) so do the cars and pushchairs



too often official duties interfere with his opportunities for practice and play.

Cirencester Park's setting is Earl Bathurst's estate in Gloucestershire. There the go-ahead committee is under the chairmanship of Captain John Macdonald-Buchanan. Farther north lie the Cheshire Club, its rival Toulston just outside Tadcaster, and the newly formed Catterick Garrison open both to members of the Services and to civilians. Mr. Alan Budgett at Kirtlington Park plays host to Oxford University who have Brigadier Fanshawe as coach. Mr. Arthur Lucas is host for Cambridge at Woolmers Park where Bob Rudkin is coach. Tidworth is the centre of Army polo and there has been a recent revival at Aldershot. Other centres with delightful

names include Jericho Priory and Silver Leys in Essex, Canford Magna in Dorset, Taunton Vale at Orchard Portman, and Millfield School at Street, both in Somerset, and Brockenhurst in the New Forest.

Nearer home is the Ham Club in Richmond Park. This was one of the original centres in the 19th century and the first to restart after the last war under Major Archibald David. Now that Ranelagh is no more, and Hurlingham and Roehampton no longer have polo, this is the nearest to London where one can see the game. Mr. Billy Walsh of the Ham Equestrian Club puts himself out to help beginners, with lessons at 15s. an hour. Later the same fee hires mounts, first for slow, then for fast chukkers.

It is not easy to buy a made pony for less than £200, even at the end of the season. A tournament pony from the Argentine may cost £500—Jupiter was bought from Lewis Lacey for Laddie Sandford for \$20,000 just after the first war. Ponies can be kept at livery for about six guineas a week during the season, and there are always plenty of attractive and able girl grooms to look after them. There are certainly a number of rajahs and millionaires with strings of superb ponies, but if you have the four great qualities—an eye for a ball, ability to ride, courage and sportsmanship—you will make a good polo player and may even be invited to join a team without having to pay a penny for the pleasure of joining in the sport of princes.



A petisero in the sun. The rig of the day: checked cap, baggy trousers with a magnificent coin-studded belt, and riding boots

The Rao Rajah Hanut Singh's orderly Ratan Singh



Left: Mr. Harold Sebag-Montefiore and Mr. Peter Dawnay in the commentator's box

At Smith's Lawn, from left and picture right, girl grooms attached to various stables look after ponies and saddlery between chukkers

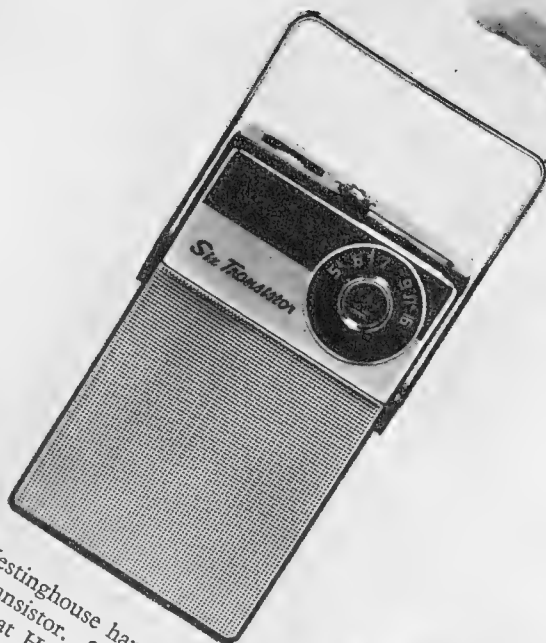


Below: The Queen and Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh lead the Sao Silvestre team into the Royal Box after the presentation of the Queen's Cup



Grazia 8 transistors
VHF with aerial
incorporated in
chain strap. Black
leather cased: £31 10s.
at Harrods

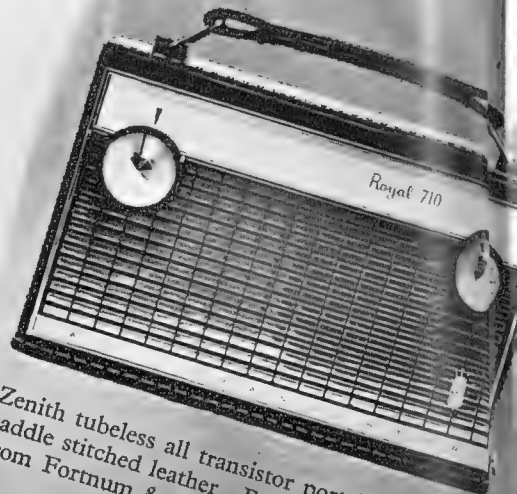
COUNTERSPY PRINTS A CIRCUIT



Westinghouse hand sized
6 transistor. £11 19s. 6d.
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Philco dead plain 9 transistor AM/FM carry around with
telescopic aerial for FM: 29 gns.



Zenith tubeless all transistor portable, cased in
saddle stitched leather. Royal 710: £42 2s. 5d.
from Fortnum & Mason



Bush 6 transistor on a swingy cream strap to match case, weighs 2 lb., runs about 100 hours off one battery: 14 gns.



Zenith all transistor FM/AM portable, Royal 2000: £112 2s. 5d. from Fortnum & Mason



Ferranti 9 transistor with built in telescopic aerial for VHF, socket for tape recordings: 22 gns.



Lord Kilbracken

I wonder what happened to Klava

I WISH THERE WERE SOME WAY OF FINDING out (but there isn't) what has become in five years of Comrade Klava Kiseleova. She is married, I feel sure, and may well have several children. But in view of the way these things are ordered in the Soviet Union, this probably does not prevent her from being a full-time teacher in one of the State Colleges—the career which had been planned for her at the time of our encounter. This took place at Moscow University (founded by Lomonosov in 1755) when I went to have a look round with my interpreter, Valia, on a freezing November morning in 1957. I was looking for a student to interview in the 32-storey skyscraper which holds 23,000 of them from 61 different countries. We found Klava beside a silver samovar, where she happened to be making tea, at the end of a long corridor on about the 11th floor. My friendly Valia was quite pretty in a tweedy kind of way, but Klava was easily the loveliest girl I ever met in Russia. She had a sleek, round face, huge dark eyes, and a large soft mouth which had never known lipstick. She was, I remember thinking, like a contented, well-rounded cat: one could almost hear her purring. Her black hair was cut short in what *we* would call an urchin style; she wore a soft and curving lemon-yellow sweater, a well-fitting and well-filled skirt, black silk stockings and very shiny black leather shoes. Valia introduced us and she was entirely delighted at the idea of being interviewed.

"Comrade Klava is a fourth year philosophy student," Valia translated, as we stood beside the samovar. "She is 22, and has one more year of studies. Her father was killed in action in 1942; her mother died when she was 12. Comrade Klava was then brought up by a maiden aunt, a sister of her mother's, and went to secondary school in Nikolaiev, where she was one of the star pupils." Nikolaiev is in the Ukraine; if I carelessly referred to her as being Russian, Klava would react, I noticed, in exactly the same way as an Irishman or a Scot who has thoughtlessly been called English. She completed her secondary studies at 17, she

informed us, a year earlier than usual—and with a gold medal, she admitted, which is the highest possible award. It was therefore automatic that she should go to a university, and she was "directed" to Moscow, some 600 miles from home. She accepted this without question, and indeed with a certain pride. The grants paid to the students depend on their faculty and year, and on their marks in examinations: the highest figure conceivably possible is 780 roubles a month (the actual equivalent of about £39) for "highly talented students of particularly complicated branches of science," as Valia described them. Klava's work was so successful that she was soon receiving the maximum grant possible for her—360 roubles; now, she told me through Valia, she *could* be getting 450, but, she explained wistfully, her marks had been falling off, and she was only getting 400. Her cubicle cost her 10 roubles a month, plus five roubles for the rent of bed-clothes (a rather strange item); and she could feed herself in the cafeteria—not at all well, as I was soon to discover—for six roubles a day. A month's basic expenses were thus about 200 roubles, leaving the same again for beer and skittles—about six bob a day.

The tea having been made, Valia asked Klava if she would mind showing us her cubicle. Taking me by the arm in the friendliest possible manner, she led us along several corridors, past many identical doors which were numbered like a hotel's, till we came to 431. Her cubicle was spick and span; it was much the same size as my room had been when I was a lower boy at Eton, and was similarly furnished. We made ourselves comfortable and I asked Klava through Valia to describe a normal working day.

"Comrade Klava says she usually gets up at about nine or ten," Valia translated. "Except on her two free days, which are Friday and Saturday, she works on her own till noon; this morning, for instance, she has been practising the piano. After her midday meal she takes a bus into Moscow, where she attends lectures and seminars, usually from three till nine."

Here a girlish exchange between Klava and Valia interrupted the interview. "Comrade Klava says that at 9 p.m. she returns and has supper here, unless one of her boy friends asks her out for the evening," Valia finally translated. "Of these she has many."

I had already learned that a number of students get married while in residence. I asked if Klava were thinking along these lines and she replied at once with a very emphatic *nyet*. She had everything worked out. She would wait till she had graduated and was earning her own living.

"What kind of job will she be looking for?"

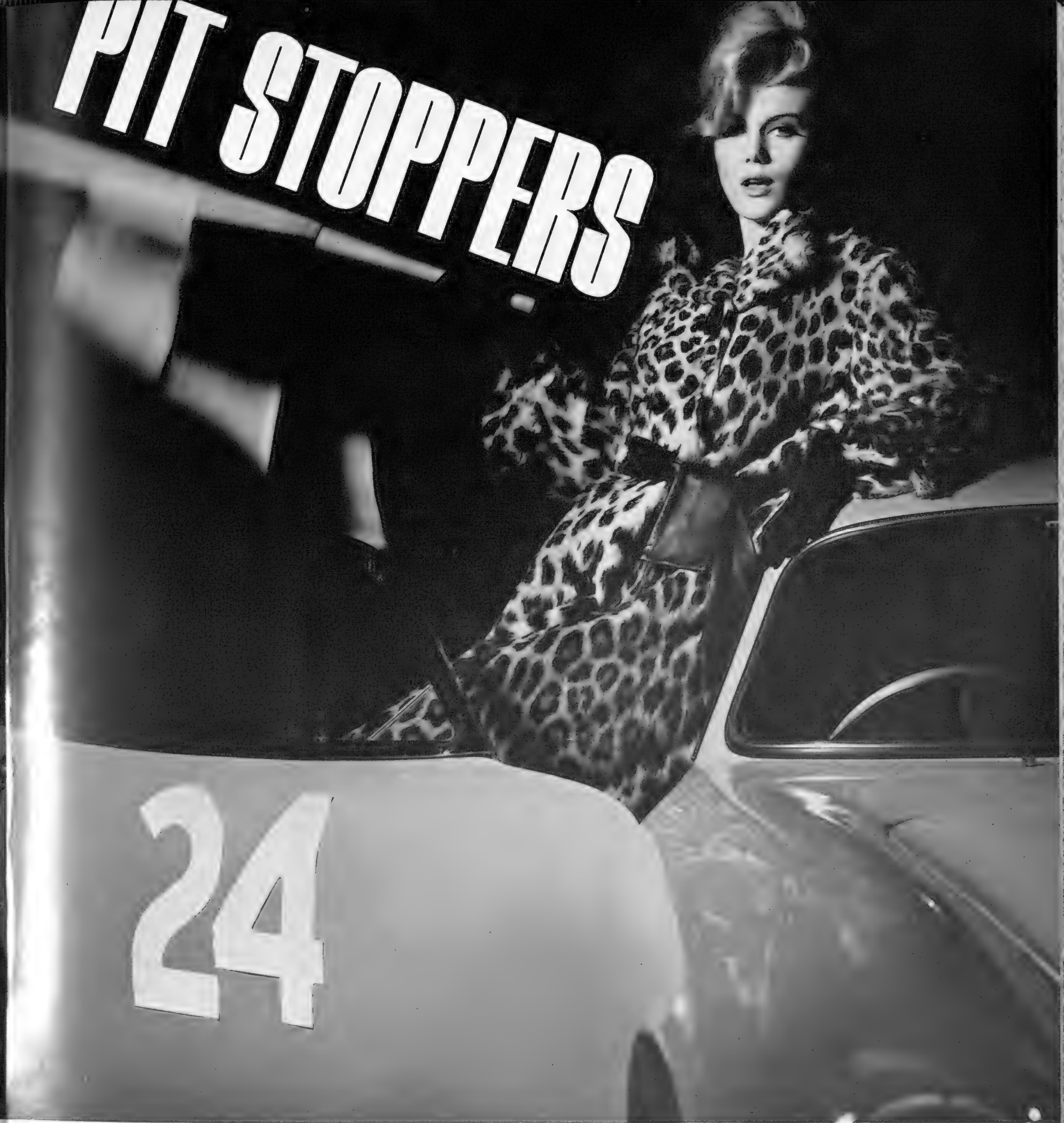
"It is not a question of *looking* for a job," Valia said at once. "She will be *given* one by the State.

"What is it likely to be?"

"She expects to teach the Social Sciences in a State College," Valia translated. This, she went on, might be anywhere in the Soviet Union, perhaps 3,000 miles from home; in this she had no choice. Till now she had always gone to Nikolaiev for vacations—two weeks in February, two weeks in the summer—but she recognized this would be impossible if she were directed to Outer Mongolia. She genuinely seemed to face this prospect—of being completely uprooted for the second time in her life—with complete equanimity; it was what she had always expected. After three years she could apply for a transfer to some other general area, if a vacancy occurred; so, round about now, she may be returning to Nikolaiev.

Klava came and lunched with us and we gave her a lift into Moscow. We parted affectionately with many mutual felicitations; she specially asked me to write to her and to send her, if I'd be so kind, books and magazines from the West. I duly did so, but never a word did I hear from her. I doubt if my letters even arrived. The only address I have for her is Room 431, Moscow University, which would hardly reach her now. THE TATLER, I suppose, is not widely read in Moscow, let alone Nikolaiev; but if, by any inconceivable chance, she comes upon these words, I hope she will drop me a line.

PIT STOPPERS



THE HEIRESS TOUCH: A LEOPARD COAT. ULTIMATE GLAMOUR, ULTIMATE ALLURE—THE GREATCOAT HAS A HANDSOME BLACK MINK COLLAR AND SOFT BLACK LEATHER HALF-BELT SLOTTED THROUGH THE LOOSE BACK TO TIE LIKE A SASH. BY ALBERT HART YOUNG FURS. BLACK SUEDE GLOVES MORLEY

Alluring and enigmatic, that's how a girl should
look behind the wheel of a sleek, fast car.
Elizabeth Dickson lists the high-octane ingredients
for a full-rich fashion mixture. John Donaldson
took the photographs





SWASHBUCKLING SCARLET PANTS AND JACKET (ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE) ARE GLAMOROUS ENOUGH TO PUT ANY HANDSOME MECHANIC WELL IN THE SHADE. PANTS IN LEATHER WITH BRASS BUCKLES AT THE BACK OF THE WAIST, FRONT HIP POCKETS. CANVAS WRAP-UP JACKET AND MATCHING SATCHEL, NOT ON SHOW HERE, MAKE UP THE SPORTING GIRL'S THREESOME. FROM THE BONNIE CASHIN COLLECTION AT LIBERTY; PANTS AND JACKET £28 EACH. CLASSIC BLACK LAMBSWOOL SWEATER. HARRODS, £3 15s.

HOW TO STOP THEM IN THEIR TRACKS AND TURN HEADS IN THE PITS. NAVY AND WHITE WOOL PLAID SUIT CUT WITH AN URBANE DISTINCTION. MILITANT JACKET WITH SET-IN SHOULDERS AND BRASS-EDGED BUTTONS CAN BE WORN WITH OR WITHOUT A SELF-BELT, THE SKIRT WITH TWO KICK PLEATS. FORTNUM & MASON, 55 GNS. LIME CHIFFON SCARF, ASCHER. JUST OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE—THE GLEAMING WHITE AC ACE 2.6



DRESS AND BOLERO MERGER. SLEEK HALTER-NECK DRESS (ON FACING PAGE) DROPS THE WAISTLINE AND DIPS TO A VERY DARING BACK, COVERS UP FOR DAYTIME WITH A SLEEVELESS BOLERO. HOW TO KEEP HIGH SCORE ON FASHION: WITH THE SNAZZY COLOUR COMBINATION OF HEAVY WHITE LINEN PIPED IN TOBACCO BROWN. BY TIKTINER AT ROBELL OF BAKER STREET, ABOUT £20. LARGE GILT FERN PIN, EAR-RINGS AND CHUNKY BRACELETS FROM WOOLLANDS

HOW TO GET INVOLVED IN A TRICKY SITUATION AND STILL LOOK COOLLY DETACHED. THE ELEGANT WAY IS TO WEAR A BEAUTIFULLY TAILORED TWO-PIECE IN AN EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL FABRIC. SUGGESTION HERE: BUTTERCUP YELLOW SILK AND WOOL DRESS WITH PARTNERING JACKET. LOW-NECKED DRESS TAKES THE PLUNGE TO A DEEP BACK WITH NARROW SHOULDER STRAPS; THREE-QUARTER SLEEVED JACKET HAS COLLARLESS NECKLINE, SLIM POCKETS. BY JOHN CAVANAGH BOUTIQUE, 65 GNS. PATENT CLUTCH-BAG WITH CHAIN HANDLE. CARITA, 25 GNS.

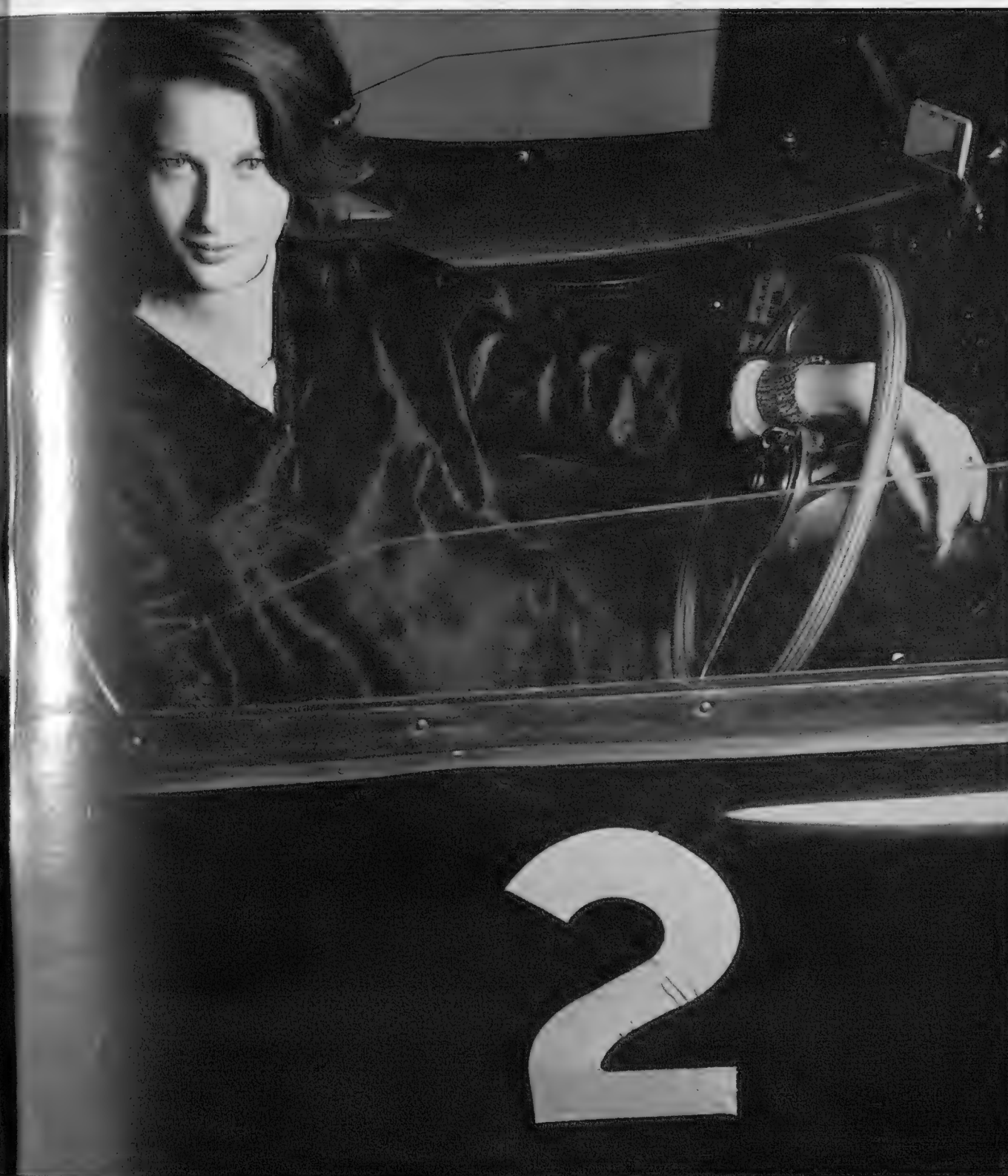


AUTOSTRADA SUIT READY FOR A COUNTRY SPIN. WITH ALL THE NATURAL DASH OF JERSEY, A COMPACT, HIP-LENGTH JACKET WITH NARROW BANDS OF TUCKING ROUND THE WELT AND SLENDER SKIRT. IN SEA-SHELL PINK. RIMA, ABOUT 15 GNS. AT ADRIENNE, 93B, MARYLEBONE HIGH STREET, W.1. FLORENCE WOOD, LEEDS; RYLES, WHITLEY BAY. CHIFFON SCARF-HOOD, ASCHER. GILT ADDITIONS, WOOLLANDS





LONG-DISTANCE TRAVEL COAT, CUED TO WARMTH AND CUT FOR COMFORT. LOW, HIP-RIDING BELT TIES LOOSELY IN THE FRONT, A PETER PAN COLLAR AND LITTLE FLAP POCKETS ADD NEAT DETAIL: IN CHUNKY CHERRY AND GREEN WOOL PLAID. FORTNUM & MASON, 49½ GNS. GILT AND FAKE RUBY LAPEL PIN, WOOLLANDS. CAR: POWDER-BLUE LOTUS ELITE



NEW JERKIN WRAP-UP: BROWN PONYSKIN. DELICIOUSLY ELEGANT WITH TURNBACK COLLAR AND BRACELET LENGTH SLEEVES. ALBERT HART YOUNG FURS. WORN OVER BEIGE LAMBSWOOL POLO SWEATER AND WITH LEAN CAVALRY TWILL TROUSERS. SWEATER: £3.12.6, DAKS TROUSERS: £8.10.0. BOTH FROM SIMPSON OF PICCADILLY



GIRL OF AUTHORITY, HIGHLY KNOWLEDGEABLE ON WHAT MAKES GOOD FASHION. HERE SHE WEARS A SUEDE BUTTON-THROUGH WITH GENTLY FLARED SKIRT, THE WAIST DEFINED WITH LEATHER TIE. SIMPSON OF PICCADILLY, £30. CORNFLOWER BLUE SILK SHIRT. LIBERTY, £7.10.0. AC BRISTOL CAR LOANED BY GEOFFREY DEMPSEY, MOTOR RACING REGISTER SECRETARY

VERDICTS

PLAYS

ALAN ROBERTS

THE BROKEN HEART CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE (LAURENCE OLIVIER, JOHN NEVILLE, KEITH MICHELL, JOAN GREENWOOD)

Ford in overdrive

IN A PUBLISHED LETTER TO SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER critic Alan Dent wrote that *The Chances*, the first play produced at Chichester's new theatre, is "an old play that no one has seen or read, and one which even the dramatic critics can hardly pretend to know." Judging by the number of critics who turned up at the first-night of John Ford's *The Broken Heart* with copies of the play tucked underneath their arms it would appear that this second choice of Sir Laurence's also came within that category.

I, certainly, had neither seen nor read it, but I had made a point of reading something about it (which was just as well, since "L.O." in his programme notes had once again cunningly evaded the problem of summarizing the complicated plot. So I knew, for instance, that Charles Lamb did not know "where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this" and that Elizabeth Barrett Browning had called it "the tragic of tragedies and the sublime of grief." It seemed clear that a deeply moving and memorable time was about to be had by all. Why, then, did it not turn out that way? Were the great critics of the past wrong in their praise of Ford, or was Sir Laurence Olivier's production wholly to blame? Sadly I am forced to conclude the latter.

All the way down to Chichester I had wondered how Sir Laurence would fill his arena stage with a play which Havelock Ellis called "a monument of sorrows, a Niobe group of frozen griefs" in which there is "little movement, no definite plot or story." This one was soon answered. From the first scene, in which Crotolon, a counsellor at the Royal Court of Sparta, and his son Orgilus are discussing secret family affairs, it became evident that even the most intimate conversations were to be carried on with a distance of 20 feet (and what appeared to be a dried-up paddling pool) between the speakers, who, moreover, were to be kept on the move at all costs.

No doubt the Spartans had a word for that "paddling pool." It may even have been the one authentic Spartan detail in the bastard architecture of Mr. Roger Furse's three-storey setting. But as the evening wore on it obtruded so much upon the attention that it seemed it must be a great and portentous symbol of something or other. Everyone tripped in and out of it, young people flirted in it, courtiers did a Spartan "Twist" in it, Olivier (as Bassanes,



Fabian, played by John Grieve, urges on the unwilling Viola (Mary Denison) during the duel scene in Twelfth Night at the open-air theatre in Regent's Park

a jealous nobleman) grovelled and snivelled in it, John Neville (as Orgilus) made a detour through it before stabbing Keith Michell (Ithocles, a great warrior) and then died with his head in it. And so on.

All this superfluous physical action was bought dearly—at the cost of much of the play's emotional power (and, in fact, of much of the text lost when voices, Sir Laurence's foremost among them, were raised to screaming pitch). That emotional power suffered another shattering blow from what must be a classic curiosity of casting—Joan Greenwood as Calantha.

There is no need to preface any criticism of her performance with a reminder that Miss Greenwood is a delightful actress with a unique and fascinating voice and has made many a mediocre comedy seem brilliant. Everyone knows that. But one look at the role of Calantha would have seemed to rule her out immediately. It is not simply that we know her so well as a comedy actress that we are unable to accept her as a tragic one (she was once a successful Ophelia). It is much more basic than that.

Calantha is the hub of the play and the broken heart of its title. She is the retort in which are distilled all the passions, jealousies, vengeance and violence around her. As horror after horror is revealed her heart is shattered and shattered again but stoically she conceals this fact. As the news

of the deaths of her father King Amyclas, of Orgilus's sister Penthea and of Ithocles is brought to her during Court revels she orders the dancing to continue. Only at the end of the play, when the body of Ithocles, whom she loved, is brought to her does she break down—and die, of a broken heart.

Now, if this did not come as a complete surprise to all the members of the Court it surely must have done to all the members of the audience (except, perhaps, those few who knew the play). Miss Greenwood had failed to impart to us even a hint of Calantha's inmost secret. So successfully had she put on the mask of the self-centred, arrogant, witty and heartless woman that Calantha was *pretending* to be that she fooled us completely.

With this vital cylinder missing the play might easily have foundered completely had it not been for the driving personality of Sir Laurence, whose ingenious interpretation of the contradictory character Bassanes was masterly and whose dynamism inspired most of the cast to give of their best. I was particularly pleased to see John Neville back in a part that suited him ideally. And, oh yes, I was grateful to André Morell who, as the King of Sparta, showed me something I always wanted to know—what Abraham Lincoln would have looked and sounded like had he lived to a ripe old age.

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

THE MUSIC MAN DIRECTOR MORTON DaCOSTA (ROBERT PRESTON, SHIRLEY JONES, BUDDY HACKETT, HERMIONE GINGOLD) **TIARA TAHITI** DIRECTOR WILLIAM T. KOTCHEFF (JAMES MASON, JOHN MILLS, ROSENDA MONTEROS, HERBERT LOM, CLAUDE DAUPHIN) **BIG RED** DIRECTOR NORMAN TOKAR (WALTER PIDGEON, GILLES PAYANT, EMILE GENEST)

Very model of a musical

MR. TOM RONALD, A SENIOR PRODUCER OF LIGHT entertainment on the B.B.C., was my companion at my first viewing of *The Music Man*. During the opening number—an ear-baffling, eye-irritating affair of commercial travellers in a madly jiggling Iowa-bound train vociferously denouncing that “Professor” Harold Hill who had brought the whole fraternity into disrepute—Mr. Ronald and I were unhappy. We didn’t (though not a word was spoken) feel we could sit through two and a half hours of this sort of thing.

Out of politeness he—and out of a sense of duty I—stayed on, and in no time found ourselves quietly purring with pleasure. At the end of the film, “How’s that for light entertainment?” I asked the expert. “First-class!” was his verdict—and mine. It is only fair to report that this view was not shared by a bevy of other B.B.C. blokes who happened to be present. “Corn!” they said, contemptuously curling their lips and looking down disdainfully from a great intellectual height (Third Programme level, I guessed) at this whacking great, warm, wonderful musical.

Of course it’s corn, but it’s the best corn. And who wants a solid diet of psychological,

sociological, Biblical, historical, classical and/or kitchen-sink drama? If you do, by all means stay away from *The Music Man*. As for me, I have now seen it twice and I loved every minute of it—barring of course the first five.

Dynamic Mr. Robert Preston, lean and spry in the gent’s natty suitings of 1912, gives a superb performance as “Professor” Harold Hill—a combination of travelling salesman and confidence trickster, wary as a weasel and glib as all get-out but, all the same, a charmer. He arrives at River City, Iowa, a prim small town where unneighbourliness abounds, and by guile and force of personality persuades the gullible citizens that what the community needs to keep its youngsters out of trouble is a boys’ band—which he proposes to form, equip with instruments and uniforms, and train.

Impressed parents readily enrol their excited children and hand over their money for the goods he is to supply. The only person who does not trust him is the local librarian and music teacher, darling Miss Shirley Jones. She suspects he is a phoney—and she’s so right. “Professor” Hill doesn’t know one note of music from another.

He firmly intends to skip out of town, as he has always done before, the moment the equipment he has ordered arrives.

But by that time he and Miss Jones are in love (Mr. Preston plays the love scenes with unexpected tenderness): he cannot tear himself away, no matter what the consequences. They are, as it turned out to my delight, absolutely joyous. The film rings with hummable tunes (the rousing *Seventy-six trombones* and the beguiling *Till there was you* included), the dance routines are dazzling, a close-harmony quartet sings angelically, Miss Hermione Gingold and her antic Ladies’ Eurythmic Group are wildly funny—and Mr. Morton DaCosta, boldly mixing the techniques of stage and cinema, has

done a truly expert and polished job of direction. I hope you will enjoy it all as much as I did.

Mr. Ivan Foxwell’s latest comedy, *Tiara Tahiti*, based on Mr. Geoffrey Cotterell’s excellent novel, presents a diverting study in class-consciousness. Colonel Southey, splendidly played by Mr. John Mills, is a good officer—a self-made man whom one could easily admire were it not for the outsize inferiority complex that betrays him into posing as “a gentleman.” As he would hate anyone to suspect he was once a mere clerk in a stockbroker’s office, he has invented a very superior background for himself and done his best to assume the characteristics, easy manners and cultured accent of his erstwhile employer’s ex-public-schoolboy nephew, Brett Aimsley (Mr. James Mason), whom, not unnaturally, he always envied.

When Aimsley, now a captain in the Guards, is seconded to his regiment and breezes into the mess radiating amiable arrogance and reeking of privilege (Mr. Mason does this very well), the poor Colonel fears his past will be exposed and his cherished authority undermined. He manages, rather underhandedly, to have Aimsley court-martialled and cashiered.

The two men do not meet again until, years later, Southey, as a City tycoon, arrives in Tahiti with the intention of buying a suitable site for a projected luxury hotel.

Here, to his profound annoyance, he runs into Aimsley—apparently the happiest of exiles, despite the disgraceful ending of his army career: a rollicking remittance-man, he leads a blithe and dissolute life in the company of his wine-bibbing friends and his delectable Chinese-Tahitian mistress, Miss Rosenda Monteros (who has the bust of a Lolita and the hips of the Rokeby Venus).

Aimsley, friendly though teasing, makes much of Southey, takes him home and plies him with whiskey—until (in an extraordinarily funny scene) the ex-colonel, somewhat tipsy, feels it safe to let Aimsley know, for the first time, that it was *he* who engineered the court-martial and had Aimsley slung out of the army. Aimsley is suddenly furious—and they fight. As a result of this brawl—and the intervention of a would-be assassin—Aimsley finds himself in a position to have Southey ignominiously banished for ever from Tahiti.

Such an opportunity for revenge is hard to resist—but, on the other hand, Aimsley rather likes Southey. Still, there is always self-interest to be considered . . . and wouldn’t a luxury hotel attract hordes of revolting tourists and spoil the island paradise?

You’ll find, I’m afraid, that Aimsley acts like the type of bounder he basically is, breeding or no—which provides a nice wry ending to an enjoyable film. The Tahitian settings are gloriously colourful—and the sunshine enough to turn one brown with envy.

A magnificent Irish setter, a sturdy blonde French-Canadian boy (Master Gilles Payant) and Mr. Walter Pidgeon as a rich and lonely widower, are the principal characters in Mr. Walt Disney’s *Big Red*—which should ensure its success among dog-lovers, 12-year-olds and lonely widows. I found it a trifle naïve—but the scenery is undeniably handsome.



William Holden as Eric Erickson the Allied spy, in *The Counterfeit Traitor*, which opens at the Plaza, Piccadilly Circus, next week

BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

ERROR OF JUDGEMENT BY PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON (MACMILLAN, 18s.) **A CONNOISSEUR'S CASE** BY MICHAEL INNES (GOLLANCZ, 15s.) **NIGHTMARE** BY ANNE BLAISDELL (GOLLANCZ, 15s.)

Doctor in the doghouse

WHAT SEEMS TO ME ABSOLUTELY MASTERLY IN Pamela Hansford Johnson's new novel *An Error Of Judgement* is the sheer, enticing, beguiling, irresistible professionalism of the writing. Not since that bizarre, unique and therefore unrepeatable masterpiece *The Unspeakable Skipton* (which read like some strange fit of possession) has she so delighted with cleverness. Indeed the cleverness that is the book's charm is also, I think, its downfall since, while the writing remains a constant joy, the idea of the book is somehow too clever by half.

The narrator is a man (something I find bothering with women novelists, but here I think carried off triumphantly) —a pernickety, super-sensitive, slightly smug character called Victor Henrey. Victor is rather gloatingly devoted to his tiresome eternal-little-girl, mother-dominated, middle-aged wife Jenny (his mother-in-law is written with a really triumphant and brilliant bitchiness). All the characters in the book—especially the women—are infinitely leisured, no one is trammelled with small children or financial worries, and everyone more or less revolves

round a curious eminent doctor called Setter, who is troubled by a vein of sadism in his own nature and is finally intentionally responsible for the death of a sad young teenage murderer. The core of the book is the character of Setter, and I think if Miss Hansford Johnson had told us less explicitly about him and been content with implication, he might have held more conviction. At the end, the memory the book left with me was of a group of fairly dislikable people, all more or less self-centered and all too concerned with prying around in each other's lives; and the neat twist to the end of Setter's struggle with himself—it seems too glib, too contrived, too much the sort of thing you might find in the movies when they'd got to the last reel and had to wind the thing up before the audience got restless. But oh, the charm of the writing; even while the story maddens you, you can't stop reading.

I have by now reached the thriller-reader's decadent period—which is to say that when I read thrillers at all it is for fantasy, for local colour, zany characters, the sheer improbability of it all—anything, indeed, except to find out who killed the poor old stiff. Two Gollancz thrillers qualify rather splendidly for my decadence award this week—the first is the new Michael Innes, *A Connoisseur's Case*. This concerns Scroop House, a late 18th-century country house where the *chinoiserie*s are not quite so fine as those at Claydon; a Mitfordish country squire with a mania for hospitality and no memory; two butlers with idiosyncratic butlerish speech—one a villain-butler, which makes a nice change;

antiquarianism about canals, leggers and such; references to Miss Compton-Burnett, girandoles by Mattias Lock, and a significant 16th-century tomb in the local church.

We are in fact back in well-charted Innes country, where the old are often wise, courtly, witty and dead keen on local history, and who on earth really cares a button about who killed Seth Crabtree, the aged Hardy-type peasant with a genius for carpentry, found floating face down in the lock? I enjoyed it all no end and with no effort in the world, and whenever things got the slightest bit monotonous and just a touch too silvery I was able to refresh myself with a fresh burst of real genuine dislike for Sir John and Lady Appleby, the snobbiest, most toffee-nosed, unendurable couple ever to stray into detection.

Runner-up for my Decadent Thriller Award is *Nightmare* by Anne Blaisdell, which qualifies happily through improbability. Execrably but cheerily written, it is about a comely young American person with a nice collection of sheer underwear and a new red Jaguar, using up a legacy by visiting the home of her dead fiancé in Wales. To this you add an historical novelist called Alan Glentower who suffers a *coup de foudre* once he spies the heroine's new black patent pumps and smells her irresistible Ginger Carnation cologne; one kindly idiot; and an utterly barking old lady who looks like Queen Victoria and conceals a nasty streak of sadism with a thick layer of religious mania. Not one second of it seems remotely possible, but for good, soothing reading during a long hot bath, there's been nothing jollier this week.

RECORDS GERALD LASCELLES

CHARLIE PARKER MEMORIAL (VOLS. 1-4) **MR. JELLY LORD** BY JELLY ROLL MORTON **AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD** BY JUNIOR MANCE **ACCENT ON SWING** BY BRUCE TURNER **BEST YET!** BY CHRIS BARBER

Another big reshuffle

DESPITE ELABORATE CONTRACTS, THE ISSUE OF American-recorded labels on this side of the Atlantic remains a complicated affair. Recently two important changes have taken place, both of which embrace not only contemporary material but also a wealth of historical jazz. Savoy, an American label which once led the field in the early bop period, dealt an ace on Decca's offshoot, London. Now the Savoy rights in Britain are handled by Eros, a new development of Associated Recordings. Their biggest contribution to date is the release of four volumes of the *Charlie Parker Memorial* (ERL50048/57/60/65) with a fifth to follow shortly.

These tracks are a chronological extension, including many scrapped "masters," of the entire repertoire which Bird Parker put on tape for Savoy between 1944 and 1948. Books have been written about this era in jazz, so I will merely comment that, while Parker must be regarded as one of the greatest jazzmen of all time, much of this music is sub-standard and would never have been published during his lifetime. On the

other hand the good pieces are so outstanding that no wise jazz fan would dare to overlook them.

Riverside, also an American label, which I consider to be the most important today both for its historical catalogue and for its *avant-garde* coverage of the contemporary scene, has undergone a number of changes in its British outlets. For some years it was a London concession, reverting recently to imported and consequently high-priced albums brought directly from the States. Now the enterprising Philips organisation have the full pressing rights on the home market, and their first release ranges from Thelonious Monk's *Monk In Action* (RLP 12-262) about which I wrote recently, to the historical *Young Louis Armstrong* (RLP 12-101). A notable addition is Jelly Roll Morton's *Mr. Jelly Lord* (RLP 12-132), which features a dozen inspired tracks from his Library of Congress sessions in 1938. His style may be dated, but the chunky chords in these piano solos will live for ever.

Then there is an exciting piano album by Junior Mance, on Jazzland—an offshoot of Riverside—called *At the Village Vanguard* (JLP41), which amplifies their contemporary repertoire in terms of modern jazz. The soul content of Junior's essay may outweigh other factors in the eyes of purists, but I enjoy the full-fisted chords and the bouncing rhythm that dominate this session.

The playing fields of Richmond are to be the setting of the jazz festival nearest to the centre of London, which takes place next Saturday and Sunday, 28 & 29 July. Several bands I mentioned last week, including Alex Welsh and Humphrey

Lyttelton, Bob Wallis and Kenny Ball, will be there; Bruce Turner's jump band dispenses its excellent mainstream, which sounds so impressive on their new EP, *Accent On Swing* (SXP2025), and Chris Barber tops the Saturday bill. His album, *Best Yet* (SCX3431), is typical of the band's work, and features Ottilie Patterson in three songs. Richmond promises to be a ball, and I shall be there to hear the fun.

GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

ALEXANDER CALDER TATE GALLERY DRAWINGS FROM THE BRUCE INGRAM COLLECTION VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Master of the mobile

I SAW THE EXHIBITION OF CALDER'S MOBILES and stables in privileged circumstances—as a guest of the Friends of the Tate at a party on the eve of the opening. An early arrival, I was able to walk through the exhibition completely alone, but being of a timid and law-abiding disposition I refrained from touching the exhibits. As a result I came to two hasty, but not necessarily wrong, conclusions. The first, which was that the Tate Gallery should be pulled down as soon as possible and rebuilt in a style in keeping with the works of art it houses, does not concern us here at the moment.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

The second, the somewhat obvious one that mobiles must be mobile, I have since discovered has been felicitously expressed by Monsieur Jean-Paul Sartre. A mobile, he says, is "an object defined by its movement and which does not exist outside it, a flower which withers as soon as it is stopped. . . ."

Later that night bolder spirits than I (among them a few peers of the realm and many aristocrats of the art hierarchy) began to recapture some of the childhood delights of a trip to the Science Museum by swinging armatures and jiggling sensitive wires up and down. Artificially activated in this way such amusingly named contraptions of wire and sheet metal as *Four black bottoms and six reds* (No. 67), *Red toenail blue L* (No. 77), *Blériot* (No. 43) and *The forest is the best place* (No. 37) were kept from withering for a few hours. But what, I wondered, would happen when the public were allowed in? Obviously the Arts Council, who organized the show, could not afford to employ peers of the realm and members of the aristocracy to keep the mobiles moving. And, in any case (and with due respect to those gentlemen), such a solution would not have been very satisfactory from an aesthetic point of view.

Such was my curiosity to see how this challenge had been met that I went back last Sunday afternoon. High up, near the

roof in the vast Sculpture Hall, a small electric fan blew down in vain upon *London* (No. 75), a 15 ft. by 30 ft. mobile of steel and aluminium specially made for this show. *London* refused to move. And in adjoining rooms other roof-level fans were proving equally ineffective. But down below a tireless corps of British Legionnaires had taken over from the peers and aristocrats, to the evident delight of Everyman and his wife and children, for whom the place held all the pleasures of a funfair. No one seemed the least bit concerned about the vital question: are mobiles art?

Are they, as has been claimed, the true sculpture of today, sculpture with a fourth dimension—that of space-time—added? Or are they no more than whimsical feats of functionless engineering? Ought they, as one critic has suggested, to be put in a museum "alongside other amusing elegant objects made for our domestic use and delight" rather than in the Tate?

The answer to all three questions is, I think, "No." Ideally, mobiles should be displayed hanging from "skyhooks" in the open air. If we could see them in conditions more closely approximating to this ideal than does the Tate's monstrous sculpture hall we might accept them immediately and without reservations as works of art. Not as sculptures but as early essays in a new art form. Curiously, Calder has had

few imitators and even fewer disciples, yet the possibilities of developing his invention must be beyond even his dreams.

To any artists who may be interested I offer the suggestions that mobiles might be made to produce Aeolian music and that they might use the sun, instead of air currents, as their motive power in the same way as did those little spinning vanes, helio-something-or-others, that opticians used to have in their windows. (But perhaps, on second thoughts, that last idea is not a very bright one for this country.)

I have just been for the third time to see the Old Master drawings from Sir Bruce Ingram's collection now on loan to the Victoria & Albert Museum, and I hope to go several more times before the exhibition closes on August 16. Sir Bruce, who is Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, started his astonishingly rich collection 60 years ago and now has more than 5,000 drawings. Of the 150 choice works now at the V & A, 120 are by Dutch and Flemish Masters. Among the rest are examples by Tiepolo, Guercino, Parmigianino, Murillo, Claude, Boucher, Watteau and Delacroix.

To choose a favourite from such a selection is as hard as naming the finest painting in the world. But still I chose one—a monotype of a manned longboat by Willem van de Velde the Younger, a drawing of Rembrandtesque simplicity and power.



Richard Lewis as Nero, Magda Laszlo as Poppea at Glyndebourne

OPERA

J. ROGER BAKER

Poppea revealed

THE FOURTH OPERA GIVEN AT GLYNDEBOURNE this year, Claudio Monteverdi's *L'incoronazione di Poppea*, provides an opportunity to hear one of the earliest examples of the form. *Poppea* was written in 1642, climaxing Monteverdi's career which began in 1590. A master of the polyphonic style used in madrigals and much church music, in his operas Monteverdi brought into practice a style that had previously existed only theoretically. He realized the dramatic force of situations and the interplay of personality, and particularly he appreciated the importance of words, setting them boldly and baldly and with a minimum of distortion and decoration. His operas lack the elaborate formality of both music and sentiment that clutched so much 17th- and 18th-century work. The style is one of free recitative merging into song, arias even, and back again. No spectacular vocal dazzlement or complex ensembles are allowed to impinge on the purity of approach. Sixteenth-century *Poppea* with its direct musical representation of emotion and concise alliance of words and notes—the real *dramma per musica*—has a definite 20th-century quality.

The plot is thoroughly immoral; murder and general chicanery are done in the name of true love, and we are expected to rejoice when the drunken, ruthless Nero finally crowns that calculating harpy Poppea as his Empress. The first act introduces the vital characters, cleverly sketching their motives and aims, but mainly concentrates on the political murder of Seneca who stands in the way of the Emperor's projected union. In the second act a plot to murder Poppea is instigated by his rejected wife

Ottavia and prevented. The way in which Ottavia uses the emotions of two biddable, but basically innocent people to achieve her plan has a securely modern psychological ring.

As usual at Glyndebourne, the vocal standard was generally high with some outstanding interpretations, notably from Frances Bible as Ottavia, who sang her violent declamatory music with chilling effect; and Oralia Dominguez, Poppea's old nurse, refining her solid contralto in a lovely lullaby. Magda Laszlo and Richard Lewis were always reliable as Poppea and Nero—their final love duet on a darkening stage after the coronation chorus brought the opera to a moving close, almost convincing us that they were worthy characters. Gunther Rennert's production seemed hampered by Hugh Casson's intractable set, but the costumes (by Conwy Evans) were colourful and flattering.

Since Monteverdi's original orchestrations have not survived, modern performances have to be reproduced from the barest musical details—usually a simple ground bass and a vocal line. Intuition, scholarship and contemporary notes are used to fill in the missing parts. Glyndebourne's realization is by Raymond Leppard. He uses no woodwind or percussion, and trumpets are reserved for the coronation scene. But monotony is avoided by the varying use of strings, and mainly by the mass of continuo instruments assembled. They include harpsichords, organs, lute, guitar, harp, cello, bass and chittarone (a form of lute), which together and in various combinations make a magical noise with a wide range of effects from sinister to romantic. John Pritchard conducted, and to him must go much of the credit for realizing the drama and variety in this marvellous opera. I've never been for dusting down ancient operas for the sake of it, but *Poppea* seems worth a wider audience.

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ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

Girly girls are falling for it, plain girls look good with it, even the middle-aged like a look that sells itself softly. André Bernard have swathed dozens of heads like the one (below) which has a furred top with just a hint of tip-tilt at the ears that gives an impression of length but in fact can be done with a jawbone-length cut.

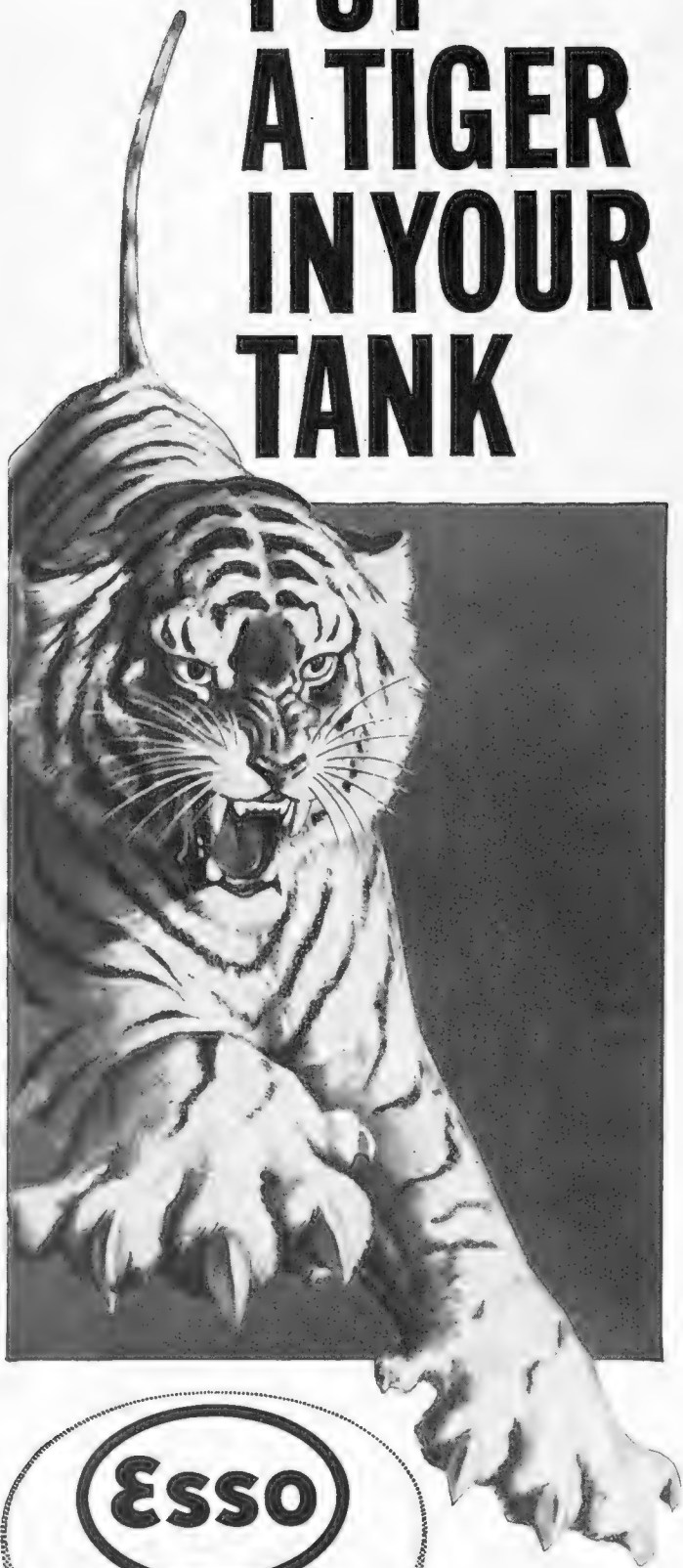
A Romantic Move for smooth, drapable hair is the conker-bright shape (*right*) from Vidal Sassoon which relies on the best of cuts on hair in peak condition. In the best Romantic Mood it looks fine on fine features without too much width at the jaw. The colour department here is first class—they have been on a reconnaissance trip to America but there was remarkably little to learn. It's not unusual for a girl who has taken to just that shade of spun sugar cinnamon to fly over regularly to Vidal Sassoon from Paris or farther for the tinting. And what a difference just a hint of lightness, brightness or added depth can make! Eyes, skin, everything gets the wake-up treatment. Hairdresser's tip: Try a dot of Revlon's Eterna as a hair conditioner when you put it on the face. Its smooth, completely grease-free formula helps hair made dry and brittle by salt sea air and water.



PHOTOGRAPHS: VIC SINGH



PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK



TOM HUSTLER

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES

Above: **Kirstin** (3), daughter of Mr. Richard Inman, of Charnwood, Harrogate, and of Mrs. Bronnya Inman. Below: **Charles** (8 months), son of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Simpson, of Cleveland Square, W.2



MOTORING

Dudley Noble

The admirable Aston

THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF DAVID BROWN THE Aston Martin has carved a special niche for itself. Among those who have around £4,000 to spend on a car, its reputation appeals no less than its superb appearance and performance, and we were all sorry that the lone Aston Martin contender for the Le Mans 24-hours' race last month had to retire after showing wonderful promise. The production model DB4 I have just been trying was as reliable and steady as a train, and would top the 140 m.p.h. mark. Built in Britain to an Italian design, the lines of the Aston Martin DB4 saloon are beautiful yet restrained, and the drophead coupé illustrated follows them closely when the roof is up. For two people the body of both is luxurious, with soft hide upholstery and spacious front seats with adjustable backs. Behind is a small bench, also well upholstered in soft leather, but intended only for occasional use, preferably by small persons, as knee room is limited when the front seats are set well back. The two doors are wide and need to be opened with care when alongside the pavement or in a car park. There is a surprising amount of luggage room in the boot.

Under the bonnet is a 3.6-litre 6-cylinder engine with twin overhead camshafts which, in the case of the two-carburettor saloon version, produces 240 b.h.p. at 5,500 r.p.m. This was the model I tried, but on the more expensive types a three-carburettor engine gives greater power; nonetheless the makers claim (I did not find a road on which I could prove it) that the car can be accelerated from standstill to 100 m.p.h. and be brought back to rest in 30 seconds. Dunlop disc brakes are fitted to all four wheels. The driving position is in keeping with the sporting nature of the Aston Martin. The steering wheel can be adjusted for height and reach and a rest is provided for the foot

to keep it well clear of the clutch pedal when on the open road. As a sop to the modern driver there is synchromesh on all four gears, but I suspect that some of the old hands would prefer to have a "crash" box on which they could practise snappy changes and double de-clutching. However, I cannot think of a car I would sooner take on a long, fast trip than this DB4, which, as a saloon, costs £3,851 inclusive of purchase tax.

The decision of the Minister of Transport that safety belts are to be a compulsory feature of every car's specification in the more or less near future sent me down to Hemel Hempstead the other day to see the new test rig at the British Standards Institution's laboratory there. It is a formidable thing, involving a 100-foot track down which a trolley thunders, with a dummy 14-stone man strapped to it by the belt under test. At the end of the runway, when the electric motors have got the trolley moving at 40 m.p.h., it crashes into a buffer. If a belt survives this—and several other tests—it receives the well-known B.S.I. kite mark which certifies the staunchness of its manufacture.

There comes a time in the life of almost every motorist when some adjustment under the bonnet, or perhaps the changing of a wheel, is necessary far from a service station. The almost inescapable result is soiled hands, unless of course one puts on gloves. Ordinary gloves are usually too thick, but some I have been trying out have overcome this drawback. They are called "Handigloves," are made of thin but very tough polythene and, when smoothed over the fingers, are scarcely perceptible. They give a remarkable degree of protection to the hands; are meant to be used once only and thrown away after peeling off with the dirt trapped inside them, and

The Aston Martin DB4 Drophead Coupé

cost 2s. 6d. for a packet of 10. Makers are Polyglaze Ltd., of Burgess Hill, Sussex, and I understand Handigloves are to be sold by Boots, among others.



BARNET SAIDMAN

Veteran Sale: This 1909 two-seater Briton was bought jointly for £250 by David Wickins (left) and Lord Montagu at the third annual sale of Veteran and Vintage cars at Beaulieu. The Briton will go to the new Motor Museum they are sponsoring at Measham, Leics. The sale realised £12,500—highest price paid was £1,330, for a 1924 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. It was bought by an American but will remain over here. Interest in vintage cars is high in the United States—several bids were received by cable from other American enthusiasts



Miss Susan Lesley Garfield-Jones to Mr. David Christian Francis Meynell. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. M. Garfield-Jones, of The Mount, Shrewsbury. He is the son of the late Col. Hugo Meynell and of Mrs. Hugo Meynell, of Hollybush Park, Burton-on-Trent*



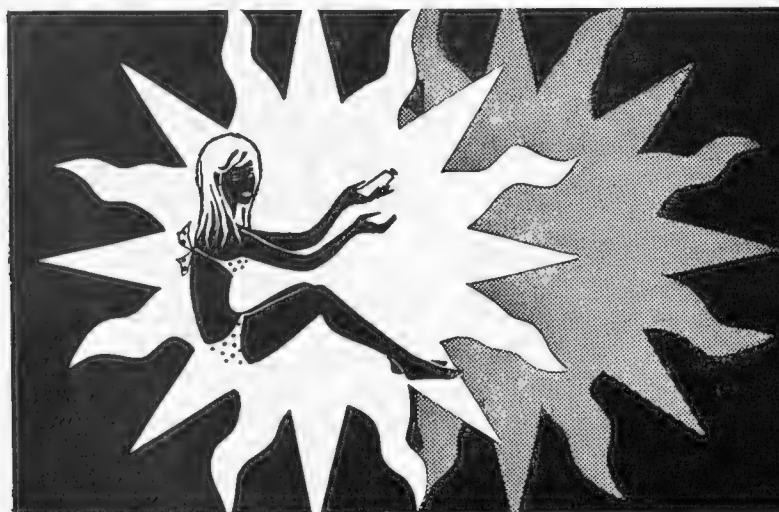
Miss Fiona Mary Freeman to Mr. John David Octavius Wallace. *She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Max Freeman and of Mrs. Freeman of Pentire, Shores Road, Woking. He is the son of the late Mr. John H. Wallace and of Mrs. Low, of California, United States*



Miss Elizabeth Janet Spencer to Major Frank Edward Kitson. *She is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. C. R. Spencer, of Elfordtown, Yelverton, Devon. He is the son of the late Vice Admiral Sir Henry Kitson and of Lady Kitson, of Monks Hill, Tilford, Surrey*



Miss Sarah Dunbar to Lt. Peter Broadbent. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Dunbar, of Winsley Hurst, Ripley, Yorkshire. He is the son of Col. & Mrs. R. B. Broadbent, of La Ruette, Guernsey, Channel Islands*



FILTRE SOLAIRE

filters the burning rays of the sun,
encourages a golden tan and
keeps the skin refreshingly cool.

LANCÔME



George—Wade: Caroline, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. F. George, Wixford Lodge, Bidford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, was married to Ian, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. Wade, of Blackcroft, Hemley, Warwickshire



Hubbard—Parsons: Rosemary Jane, daughter of Mr. R. A. Hubbard, of The Cottage, Goodwood, Sussex, and the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard, of Crossways Cottage, Sunningdale, Berks, was married to Andrew Peter Harold, son of the late Capt. T. E. Parsons, and Mrs. W. E. Barrington Browne, of Ampney House, Cirencester, Glos, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Collis—Rollason: Philippa, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. G. N. Collis, of Harpswood, near Bridgnorth, Shropshire, was married to Geoffrey Gordon, son of Mr. & Mrs. Melvyn Howard Rollason, of Ludstone Hall, Claverley, Shropshire, at Claverley

Baker—Alliott: Jennifer Jane, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Baker, of Wingrove House, Corbridge, Northumberland, was married to Peter Alexander, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Alliott, of Stowting, near Ashford, at St. Andrew, Corbridge



Riall—Vere-Laurie: Georgina, daughter of Maj. & Mrs. Anthony Riall, of Rutland Cottage, Rutland Gardens, S.W.7, was married to Captain George Edward Vere-Laurie, son of Lieut.-Col. & Mrs. G. H. Vere-Laurie, of Carlton Hall, Newark, Notts, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

DINING IN

Helen Burke

CONDITIONS FOR EATING IN THE GARDEN THE barbecue way have not been ideal this summer, and for some weeks I have hesitated to write on the subject. About a fortnight ago, however, on a blazing Sunday, I visited a family only 17 miles from London, where there were four children between the ages of nine and two years. I mention the children especially because from the beginning of the season they have had all their meals out of doors, whenever the weather promised to be kind enough. This was more often than one would have thought.

It is hard to believe that only this short distance from London one could have a large garden surrounded by a wide fringe of trees—birch, beech and even oak. Few flowers, no vegetables. . . . rather a wilderness, but a delightful playground for the little ones who, all summer, run about barefooted, as free as the ponies on Dartmoor and in the New Forest. "If the weather is favourable," I was told, "we shall have our meal in the garden." It turned out to be a glorious day.

I always insist that cooking in the garden is a man's job. He likes fiddling with his charcoal fire, long-handled fork and asbestos mitts. Though a busy mother may not have this (let's face it) arduous part of the meal to carry out, she still has to attend to the other preparations—the cooking of the potatoes and vegetables, the assembling of the salad and, for the children, the forming of minced meat into hamburgers or sausage meat into small cakes. But, finally, she is able to sit down with her guests for the greater part of the meal.

Now, I have always thought that it was a good idea to build one's own barbecue of bricks in a convenient spot in the garden. But though this may be all right in most countries, I have come to the conclusion that in ours, with its climatic vagaries, a mobile one is better. On a hot day, the cooking can be done in the shade; on a cool day, in whatever sun there is. And never mind in what direction the wind may blow, one can always get well out of it.

What impressed me about this outdoor meal was the fun the three elder little ones made for themselves; and what an education for Francesca, the nine-year-old girl. Her job was to baste the sausage patties (for the children) and the rump steaks (for the adults) with the special barbecue sauce her father had prepared.

With our steaks we had boiled potatoes and corn on the cob, each dressed with lots of butter, and a salad which was almost a perfectly balanced meal in itself—lettuce, cucumber, tomatoes, radishes, sliced tiny raw mushrooms and lots of quartered hard-cooked eggs (for the children's sake), all dressed with oil and vinegar.

The baby of the family joined us at table for his meal. Each of the other three had her or his own favourite eating spots. They were given their filled plates and off they went. Francesca disappeared behind a screen of rhododendrons, beside a tall oak tree. We could not see her, but I am pretty sure that she saw us. Sophie took her plate to a similar sheltered spot near the garden swing, but evidently tired of it because we saw her sitting on the swing itself and having most of her meal on it. Patrick's

Eating in the open

meal was enjoyed in the front garden, where he could intercept the icecream man if need be. All three returned in due course for their strawberries and cream—and then made off again.

For the cooking of chicken in the open air, spits are attached to many of the barbecues available. They offer another opportunity of instructing little girls in cookery—the need of continual turning so that the bird is evenly roasted and so on. A sauce enriched with melted butter is probably the best baste for chicken, either on the spit or spatchcocked—that is, split down the back, flattened out and secured with turkey skewers or brochettes to make sure the bird remains flat during cooking.

Here is a good DEVIL SAUCE for just such basting: Work a teaspoon of dry mustard and a dessertspoon of plain flour into 4 oz. of butter, then work in about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot water, a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, the juice of half a lemon, a level dessertspoon of sugar, a few grains of Cayenne pepper and a level teaspoon of salt. If cooking in the open air, keep this sauce handy to the heat of the glowing charcoal.

An ideal weight for a spatchcocked chicken is 2 lb. Brush the cut side with the sauce and place the bird, cut side down, over the charcoal. Also brush the top surface with the sauce. Turn the cooked side and brush it with more sauce. In no time at all everyone in the family will know exactly how long to grill a chicken, because knowledge never comes more easily than when cooking out of doors. A spit-roasted whole chicken can be brushed with the sauce throughout the cooking.

ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

SMALL GARDENS AT THE REAR OF LONDON houses are perhaps seen at their best in such areas as Chelsea and Kensington, but there is no reason why, if given the right sort of small house, the same charming effects should not be repeated elsewhere. One advantage of a small garden in a town is the ease with which it may be handled and enjoyed; in the country, one attempts so much that there is little time left to relish the results. Simplicity in town is, I think, the keynote—to use one's limitations to the best advantage. Paved areas, garden furniture and the use of urns and tubs are of the greatest importance. Necessarily, the actual garden creates its own conditions, but I propose to throw out a few ideas in a general way. A Victorian garden seat is a good idea if placed in a good position where its qualities can be appreciated. The Victorians painted their cast iron white or silver. This effect can hardly be improved, but I might add that, if you buy one from a dealer, the lick of white paint on it is usually insufficient. Cast iron benches and tables can be kept outdoors all the year through if properly looked after. For a start, all existing paint, old or new, should be rubbed down with wire wool and emery paper. A coat of zinc chromate primer followed by a coat of aluminium primer comes next, then a couple of coats of flat outdoor white.

My Victorian seat is painted every two years. Paved areas and small terraces are the basic components of small town gardens. My own preference is for brick, especially if laid in a herring bone pattern. At the risk of being didactic, I should advise against crazy paving; it has never appealed to me, and formal effects are best under these conditions.

Effective things can be done with tubs and the shrubs that go in them—box trees, sweet bay (if you can give protection in winter) and standard roses. I can think of nothing more delightful than a few well-grown standards in big tubs. Wooden tubs can be of teak, oak or chestnut, in that order and, if you buy tubs with sloping sides, take care to get those equipped with three, not two, iron bands. Most impressive of all are the square tubs with little finials at the corners which used to house lemon or orange trees; these tubs create a rich, handsome effect in the garden near St. Paul's Cathedral.

Caroline Testout is an exceptionally good rose for this purpose; in fact for all city gardening, for it will do well in semi-shaded positions. It is rarely offered nowadays as a standard, but some big nurserymen, having it in their lists, will bud it on a standard to order. The tubs should be supplied with a thick layer of drainage and a suitable

Roses for small town gardens (1)

compost containing peat and leaf mould. With *Caroline Testout*, I suggest the following from which to make a choice of bedding roses: *Mrs. Sam McGredy*, *Betty Uprichard*, *Emma Wright*, *Peace*, *Rev. F. Page-Roberts*, *Duchess of Atholl*, *Daily Sketch*, *La France* and *Madame Butterfly*.



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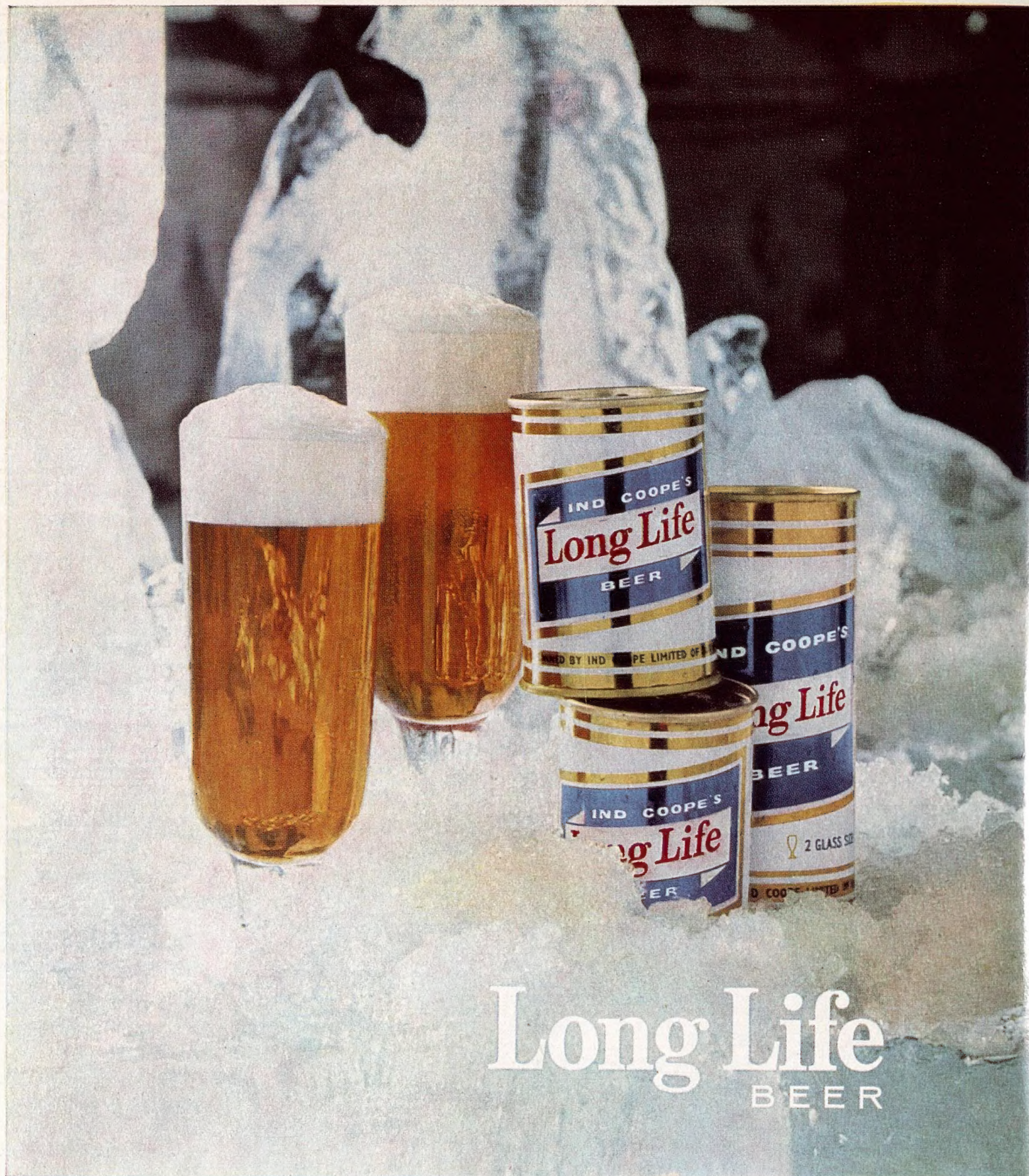
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